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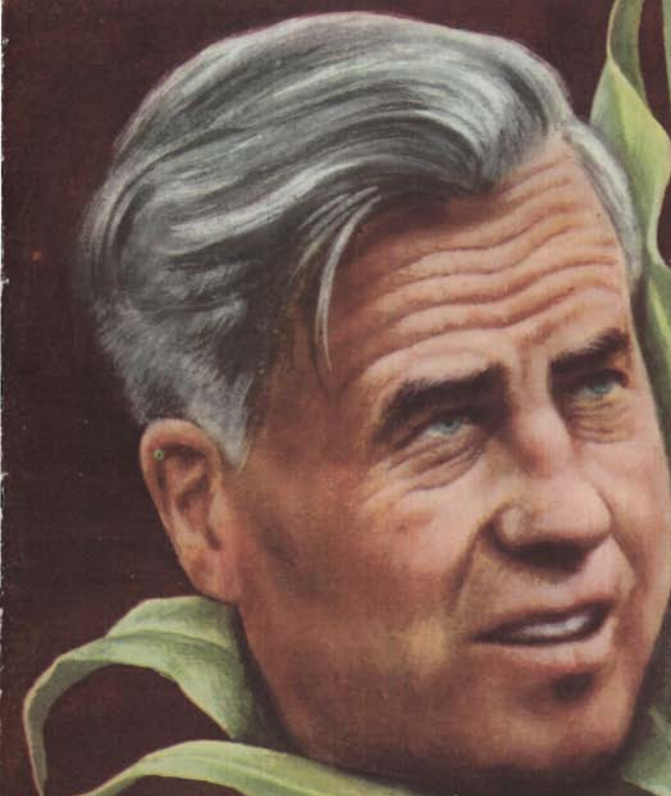
The American Mercury

ARE COMMUNISTS TRAITORS TO AMERICA? Roscoe Drummond

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IS PROHIBITION COMING BACK? Alton J. Smith

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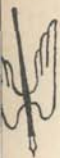


WALLACE'S
COMMUNIST-FRONT PA

by Charles Argoff

Page 413

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THE MERCURY has always recognized the vital and exciting part played by the daily press in our democracy. THE MERCURY has therefore printed a large number of analytical articles of individual papers—such as the late, ever-to-be lamented New York World, the Dallas Morning News, the Chicago Tribune, and the New York Daily News.

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The American Mercury

with which is combined the magazine, COMMON SENSE

VOLUME LXVII

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



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The American Mercury for November

will contain, among other things

THE MISERABLE MALE, by Edith M. Stern. *Men of late have been saying harsh things about women as companions, wives, sweethearts — and human beings. In this article Mrs. Stern says things about men that will probably displease many of them — but may also enlighten them about themselves and perhaps correct some of their thinking about women.*

AMERICA'S FORGOTTEN CHILDREN, by Howard A. Rusk, M.D. *A thorough, up-to-date report upon what medical science and educational agencies have done to make the lot of "spastics" better.*

MIDAS IN MALLORCA, by Melanie L. Pflaum. *A brilliant portrait of one of the most colorful men in contemporary Spanish life — who, in many ways, is even more powerful than Generalissimo Franco himself.*

SHERMAN: IMAGINATIVE SOLDIER, by Richard O'Connor. *Mr. O'Connor here offers a truly original interpretation of General Sherman, rating him as perhaps a greater master in the art of psychological warfare than as a strategist or tactician.*

We hope also to have important articles on the current national elections, but as we go to press with this issue (more than five weeks before it appears on the newsstands), we cannot list them with complete assurance that they will all reach us on time. In addition there will, of course, be the usual departments: The Skeptics' Corner, The Library, The Soap Box, Down to Earth, The Open Forum and The Check List.

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The American Mercury

ARE COMMUNISTS TRAITORS TO AMERICA?

BY

ROSCOE DRUMMOND

THE trial of the twelve leaders of the Communist Party in the United States will very likely cause a good deal of confusion regarding civil rights among many Americans unless we fix clearly in mind what Communism stands for, what it actually seeks and how it goes about getting it.

The central question which needs to be asked — and answered by conclusive evidence, not by epithet or prejudice — is this: Is the Communist Party simply another political group within the framework of American democracy?

If it is, if its first loyalty is to the government of the United States and

if it only seeks political change, however radical, through Constitutional means, then its adherents should be left totally free to exercise their rights as American citizens. If this is the truth, then the arrest of the American Communists is unjust and they are right in calling the Grand Jury indictment a “political frame-up” and a “witch-hunt.”

But if the Communist Party is not just another political party, if its first loyalty is not to the government of the United States, if it is, in fact, an international conspiracy provably subversive in method and in purpose, then its American adherents have

ROSCOE DRUMMOND is chief of the Washington Bureau of the Christian Science Monitor, and one of the most respected of American newspaper people. He has an honorary Litt. D. from Dartmouth. This article is the most detailed analysis of the Constitution and Rules of the Communist International that has appeared in any general periodical.

themselves given over their civil rights to a foreign power. If this is the truth, then in arresting the Communist leaders, the American government is alertly and rightly acting in self-defense, in self-preservation, in order to avert subversion before it is too late.

Most Americans are familiar with some of the evidence indicating that the Communist Parties are not political parties at all in the democratic sense and, wherever they operate, serve as instruments of Soviet foreign policy.

We are aware that after Earl Browder had served his purpose of enabling the Communist Party to reverse its previous position so as to cooperate in a common front after Hitler attacked Russia, he was, as soon as the war was over, tossed out of his post at the direction of Moscow. William Z. Foster, now under arrest, was put back in.

We are aware that when Moscow was cooperating with Hitler in 1939 and 1940, the Communist Party in the United States tried to block the American government's opposition to Hitler, and that when Moscow stopped cooperating with Hitler, the Communist Party in the United States instantly stopped trying to block American opposition to Hitler.

We are aware that what is happening to Marshal Tito in Belgrade is proof that a Communist leader is never permitted to put the interests of his own country ahead of international Communism, which means

Communism run by and for the Soviet government. Marshal Tito found this out when he tried to be a *Yugoslavian* Communist in Yugoslavia: he learned to his sorrow that he could remain in good standing with Moscow only by being a *Soviet* Communist in Yugoslavia.

These are some of the acts which reveal that the Communist Party, whether in America or Italy or Czechoslovakia or Finland is the tool and agent of the Soviet government, without independence and obedient to every turn and shift of Kremlin policy.

II

But the proof goes deeper than this. The most conclusive and incontrovertible evidence is not what others say the Communists are up to but what the Communists themselves, in their less guarded moments, say they are up to.

When the Communist Party in the United States somersaults overnight from bitter, strike-laden opposition to support of the American armament program, as it did in 1941, for the sole reason that Hitler reneged on his compact with Stalin; when Browder is removed from the chairmanship of the Party at a nod from Moscow; when Tito is given a 3000-word denunciation by the Cominform as a "Trotskyist," a "nationalist" and a pursuer of a "hateful policy toward Russia" because he wanted to put Yugoslavia first — these actions are not casual or personal, and they are

not surprising or unexpected. They are not accidental violations of Communist policy; they carefully conform to Communist policy — to the policies and purposes of the Communist International which can be cited chapter, verse — and sub-verse.

I should like to report:

That there is no such thing as an *American Communist Party*.

That the Communist Party which has been set up in the United States is avowedly a “section” of the Communist International.

That its decisions can be instantly and legally reversed by the Politburo in Moscow.

That its officials hold office at the behest of Moscow.

That its members have actually signed over to the Soviet-controlled Executive Committee of the Communist International (ECCI) their American civil and Constitutional rights to think and act as free men.

These are the basic truths about the Communists and the Communist Party in every country, including the United States, and I draw them not from the “imperialistic press” of the West, not from writings of the critics of Communism, but from official, incontrovertible, Communist documents — *The Constitution and Rules of the International Communist Party*.

As a means of determining whether Communist Parties are like other political groups within a democracy or whether they are obedient instruments of an international conspiracy,

I ask Americans to consider the following questions and to examine the answers which come from the *Constitution and Rules of the International Communist Party*.

Q: Is the Communist Party in the United States indigenous to America?

A: The *Constitution and Rules of the International Communist Party* states that every Communist Party in every country is only a “section” of the International.

Q: Is the Communist Party in the United States free to govern its own affairs, make its own policies?

A: Section III of the International Constitution provides that the Executive Committee of the Communist International shall “give instruction to all sections and control their activities.”

Q: Must the Communist Party in the United States follow the policies of the International?

A: The Constitution and Rules stipulate that “the decisions of the Executive Committee of the Communist International are obligatory for all sections.”

Q: Can the International overrule the wishes and actions of the Communist Party in the United States?

A: From the Constitution and Rules: “The Executive Committee of the Communist International has the right to annul or amend decisions of party congresses and central committees of individual parties and make decisions which are obligatory for them.”

Q: What happens if American or

Czech or Finnish Communists rebel?

A: "The Executive Committee of the Communist International," states the Constitution to which all have subscribed, "has the right to expel sections [parties], groups and individual members of sections."

Q: How does the Communist International check up on the work and loyalty of its various national subdivisions?

A: By its Constitution the Executive Committee of the Communist International "has the right to send their representatives to the various sections, to participate in their meetings, to speak in opposition to the central committee of a given section, to send instructors to the various sections."

Q: Are there further methods of Kremlin control over the American and other Communist Parties?

A: The Constitution of the International creates a "Control Division" with powers "to investigate matters concerning the unity of the sections, the conduct of individual members, complaints against the actions of the central committees and concerning members, and to audit the accounts of the Third International." The Rules provide further that "the central Committee [of the various parties] must send the Executive Committee of the Communist International minutes of their meetings and reports."

Q: Can officials of the Communist Party in the United States resign from Party office if they don't like

what the Party calls upon them to do?

A: No. The Rules provide against any such independence. The International Constitution stipulates that "resignation from office is disruptive. Leading posts in the party do not belong to the occupant but to the Communist International. Elected members may resign only with the consent of the Executive Committee of the Communist International. Resignations accepted by the central committees of sections [parties] without the consent of the ECCI are invalid."

Q: Can members leave the Communist Party freely?

A: Paragraph 37 of the Rules provides that no member of any Communist Party is allowed to leave his country without the consent of the central committee and that if he changes domicile he is compelled to join the Party in the country where he goes.

III

Is the Communist Party a genuine and indigenous political party within the framework of American democracy? The foregoing are the facts, indisputable facts. I believe they do not need to be argued. They show that the American Communists are totally under the orders of the Soviet-controlled Executive Committee of the Communist International, and their Party is subject to foreign inspection and domination, that the Communist Party operating

in the United States is not an autonomous body, and that American Communists have already given over to a foreign agency the civil rights of free thought and action which they now want to claim for themselves under the American Constitution.

These are the facts in evidence. I believe that when they are brought fully into the open, as THE AMERICAN MERCURY is constantly helping to do, the American people will have no trouble deciding that the Communist Party in every country is the subversive tool of a foreign government and can treat it accordingly without any impairment of civil rights and Constitutional liberties.

And there are other facts which add proof upon proof that the Communist Party in the United States is disloyal to America and seeks to destroy the very liberties which it wants to use for itself until it can abolish them for others entirely.

This fact — that American Communists have renounced their patriotism to the United States and have pledged themselves to practise national treason.

Proof: "Every party must renounce social [national] patriotism . . . and pacifism," declares the Constitution of the Third International. "Every branch and member of the universal Communist Party is pledged to indulge in national treason in case of war with the Soviets — no matter who, in such a war, should be the aggressor.

"Each affiliated party is obliged to render every possible assistance to the Soviet Republics . . . carry on propaganda to induce the workers to refuse to transport military equipment, and by legal or illegal means propagandize the troops.

"The object of the struggle, which must inevitably turn into civil war, is to obtain the political power. Eventually the proletariat must resort to armed uprising. . . . The Party must always adapt itself to the idea of the Soviets. . . ."

And this fact — that the visible, legal part of the Communist Party which protrudes above-ground is only a façade and is subordinate to and controlled by the illegal Communist underground.

Proof: "The general state of things in Europe and America," according to the official theses of the Communist International, "makes necessary for the Communists of the whole world an obligatory formation of the illegal Communist organizations, along with those existing legally.

"The Communist Parties must learn systematically to unite legal with illegal work, but all legal work must be carried on under the control of the illegal Party. Parliamentary groups must be fully and absolutely subject to the party, regardless of whether the Party as a whole is legal or illegal."

And this further fact — that the Communist Party is openly dedicated to the use of force to achieve its end, which is Communist control of

every government it can lay its hands on.

Proof: "Unless the bourgeois system [which means any non-Communist system] is overthrown," says the platform of the Communist International, "the repetition of war is inevitable. To overthrow the international bourgeoisie and create an international Soviet Republic, all means will be used, including force of arms."

"To admit the idea of a peaceful reformist passage to Socialism is to give proof of extreme petty bourgeois obtuseness."

"Only a violent defeat of the bourgeoisie will guarantee complete submission."

These are the explicit and committed purposes of the Communist International of which the Communist Party in the United States is one "section." Every Communist Party member in every country has accepted these purposes as his own and he has pledged that he will subordinate his will to the discipline and direction of the Soviet-controlled Executive Committee of the Communist International as its *Constitution and Rules* disclose.

The venomous Cominform blast at Marshal Tito becomes entirely clear in the light of this evidence of what Communism stands for, how it works and whom it is intended to serve. Obviously the Yugoslavian Communists were becoming too Yugoslavian, and the fact that Moscow acted to try to unseat Tito is open

evidence that the Communist Parties are the tool and agent of the Soviet government. This is not a new fact; it is an old fact newly proven.

Apparently Marshal Tito had assumed that it was possible for him to be a patriotic Yugoslav and a loyal Communist Party leader at the same time. He had evidently forgotten the rules, for the Constitution of the Third International declares: "Every party must renounce social [national] patriotism."

IV

A few months ago William Z. Foster, the indicted chairman of the Communist Party in the United States, testified before a Senate committee hearing on the Mundt-Nixon Communist-control bill. Judged by the principles of democracy, Mr. Foster made the most startling and incomprehensible statements. But in the light of the Constitution and rules and platform of the Communist International, here quoted, his testimony stands as the logical outgrowth of the commitments which he has accepted.

If there remains any non-Communist American who fails to see that Communism is an aggressive, subversive conspiracy run from Moscow, it is well that Mr. Foster has now publicly, if not too willingly, testified:

That American Communists would not support the United States if it were attacked by the Soviet Union.

That American Communists would not in any circumstance obey any of the proposed legislation restricting

Communist activities, even though it became the law of the land.

That American Communists would seek to end any war in which the United States and the Soviet Union might become engaged — on Soviet terms.

This testimony is carefully and faithfully extracted from the record. The single, central, all-vital fact which it underlines is that the Communist Party is a Soviet agency within the United States, loyal only to the Soviet Union, and its obedient instrument. By the very rules and constitution of the Communist International, Mr. Foster cannot, any more than Marshal Tito, let loyalty to his own country conflict with orders from the Soviet-controlled Executive Committee of the Communist International.

There was one little point in his testimony at which Mr. Foster wavered just a bit from pure Communist doctrine — no doubt for a reason. Though inconsistent with some of his earlier testimony, he allowed himself to say that he wasn't sure whether American Communists would or would not actually disobey military orders if the United States and Russia got into war.

Either Mr. Foster hasn't read all the rules — hardly probable — or, as a tactic — very probable — he was momentarily blurring the rôle the American Communists would play. But the Constitution of the Communist International allows for no doubt and no deviation on this point

if it should be reached. It is explicit and binding. It says:

"Every branch and member of the universal Communist Party is pledged to indulge in national treason in case of war with the Soviets — no matter who, in such a war, should be aggressor." And it declares further: "Each affiliated party is obliged to render every possible assistance to the Soviet Republics."

The Grand Jury indictments of Foster and his associates charge them with conspiring "to organize the Communist Party of the United States as a society, group, assembly of persons who teach and advocate the overthrow and destruction of the Government of the United States by force and violence."

The courts, ultimately the Supreme Court, will decide whether the American Communists are being "framed," as they contend, or whether they are guilty, as charged. They will have an American trial and they will be judged on the evidence by a jury of their peers.

The question which was posed at the beginning of this article and which, I hope, every American will ponder and answer for himself is whether the Communist Party is an honest, genuine political group acting within the framework of American democracy, or whether it is a conspiring agent of a foreign government and a total enemy of those precious American freedoms which its members want, for a time, to use until they can destroy them?

Many times the Communist Party has sought to elect a Communist as President of the United States and would be overjoyed to get its members into Congress. Why? To preserve the Constitution of the United States, as every President is sworn to do? To protect and strengthen democratic government?

Let the Communists answer those questions. The true answer is contained in the statutes and rules and constitution of the Third International. The answer, and I quote, is:

"Only the violent defeat of the bourgeoisie [which in Communist parlance is any non-Communist government] — the annihilation of their entire government apparatus from top to bottom, parliamentary, juridical, military, municipal . . . only such measures guarantee complete subjugation."

"Parliamentary [democratic] government can in no way be a form of Communist society. . . . The task of the proletariat consists in blowing up the whole machinery and all parliamentary institutions."

"Communism repudiates the possibility of winning over Parliaments. Its aim is to destroy Parliaments."

"The Central Committee must have its permanent representative in the [party's] parliamentary faction, with the right of veto. . . . Each

candidate must sign a paper that at the first request of the Central Committee . . . he will give up his mandate. Each Communist representative must remember that he is not a 'legislator,' bound to seek agreements, but an agitator, detailed into the enemy's camp to carry out party orders."

"The Communist party enters such [parliamentary] institutions not for the purpose of organization work . . . but to blow the Parliaments up from within."

In view of these facts can it be contended that the Communist Party is a genuine, honest political group working within the framework of American democracy?

In view of these facts can it be contended that American Communists deserve the protection of the American Constitution?

The courts will soon decide whether William Z. Foster is guilty of teaching and advocating the overthrow of the American government by force and violence. But if the American Communist leader, Foster, is innocent of conspiring to destroy American democracy, he is guilty of being disloyal to the Communist tenets he has accepted. The Yugoslavian Communist leader, Tito, tried to have it both ways and found he couldn't.

LAW AND THE RIGHT OF PRIVACY

BY MITCHELL DAWSON

THEY'VE found your boy," the reporters told a Chicago mother whose seven-year-old had been missing eleven days. "We'll take you to him." They didn't tell her that her boy was dead. They wanted "to save her feelings," they said afterwards. So they whisked her off by car to a spot in the Forest Preserve where cameramen waited with the police beside the tiny battered body. When she recognized her Lonnie, she let out a terrible cry and at that precise moment the cameras clicked. There was no wire-recording of her scream; it wasn't necessary. You could practically hear it in the fine portrayal of human agony that won 42 square inches of space on the front page that afternoon.

The cameramen got a credit line for a job well done. The picture undoubtedly sold a lot of papers, as did another fascinating record of human pain — the shot of the boy whose hand was impaled by accident on the spike of an iron fence. Remember?

In both instances — and in hundreds of others — the victims of fate became also victims of the public

appetite for sensation. Most of them were not asked for permission to spread their private anguish before the world. The truth is that a man's life belongs to Demos. The People want to know how he looks, how he lives, how he loves and every other detail that reporters and cameramen care to exploit. His home is still his castle — in theory at least. He doesn't have to answer the door-bell or telephone; he can pull down the shades; he can hide like a grub under a stone. But when he ventures out he is clearly off base and fair game for any snooper who thinks him "newsworthy." Just what is newsworthy depends on the ideas of the people the reporter works for. It ranges from the old-fashioned reticence of the *Christian Science Monitor* and *New York Times* to the exuberant exploitation of private lives by the picture magazines and scandal sheets.

A person is newsworthy, of course, if he is a public figure — an actor, socialite, prize-fighter, flagpole-sitter, or even a writer. Public figures can have no private lives. If they try to

MITCHELL DAWSON has practiced law in Chicago since 1913, serving from 1934 to 1937 as chairman of the Public Relations Committee of the Chicago Bar Association. He has also served as editor of the Chicago Bar Record, and he has contributed articles at one time or another to most of the country's leading magazines.

escape the attentions of photographers and newsmen they simply mark themselves for reprisals, as the Lindberghs learned when they sought solitude on their honeymoon by withdrawing to a yacht. Reporters chased them in a speedboat and circled their refuge for eight hours with the motor roaring full blast. Greta Garbo is another notable example of a public figure who tried to retain some semblance of a private life. The boys got even by featuring distorted pictures of the great actress whenever possible.

One doesn't have to be a big shot to become a public figure and therefore newsworthy. Anybody may become one by chance — like the mother of Lonnie and the mother of the nine-year-old who killed him. The latter woman's reactions were publicized in greater detail than if she had won a Nobel prize.

Anyone may also become a public figure by being *suspected* of a crime. If the police pick up a man for questioning, every error of his life, no matter how trivial, will be blown up to give the customers their daily thrill, even though he be entirely innocent and not even booked by the police.

This has all been accepted newspaper practice throughout the United States for many years. But recently the concept of "news" has broadened tremendously. Mechanical aids to news gathering and distribution have made it possible to see all, hear all and tell all virtually as fast as it happens. Public figures and public events do not provide enough material to sup-

ply the demand for stories and pictures — especially pictures. So you and I have become newsworthy simply as members of the human race. Anything that happens to anyone may be interesting to all of us, especially if it is dished up in a lurid, quasi-naturalistic style. Radio and the picture magazines have made eavesdropping a public pastime. Today even the most innocent-looking mirror may conceal a camera in its depths to record your very private grimaces for publication, and the most secluded bench in the park may be equipped with a hidden ear to catch and transcribe your tenderest exchanges. It won't be long before the public eye, which is already telescopic and periscopic, will be able to see through roofs like Asmodeus and the public ear will be able to listen at the walls of any building (including your own sacrosanct castle) and hear all.

If you are one of the exhibitionistic majority, such a prospect holds no terrors for you. You might even be glad to live in a glass house, wash your linen in public, or perhaps not wear any. But everyone doesn't feel like that. There is still a sizable minority of people who want to be let alone, troglodytic souls whose peace of mind and happiness may be destroyed through undesired publicity. For them the glare of the public eye can be as devastating as the "double whammy" of Evil Eye Fleegle.

Suppose you are built that way and that eye is turned on you. Does the law give you any protection?

II

You can see a lawyer, of course. But what he will say is not likely to be encouraging. He will tell you about a theoretical right of privacy, which was invented in 1890 by Louis D. Brandeis, later Mr. Justice Brandeis, and his law partner, Samuel D. Warren. They were greatly exercised over the excesses of yellow journalism and wrote an article for the *Harvard Law Review* on "The Right to Privacy," in which they said:

Gossip is no longer the resource of the idle and vicious, but has become a trade, which is pursued with industry as well as effrontery. To satisfy a prurient taste, the details of sexual relations are spread broadcast in the columns of the daily papers. To occupy the indolent, column after column is filled with idle gossip which can only be procured by intrusion upon the domestic circle.

The abuses that distressed the learned authors were only a mild foretaste of things to come. In those late Victorian days there were no cars, no radio, no high-speed presses, no teletype or telephoto. Yet some of the Brandeis-Warren conclusions are still pertinent today. The speed-up and intensity of life even in those days, had "rendered necessary some retreat from the world . . . so that solitude and privacy have become more essential to the individual. . . ." Invasions of privacy, they said, may hurt worse than mere bodily injuries. A sensitive person would rather be hit by a black-jack than to have his foibles, frailties

and misfortunes exposed in picture and print. There ought to be a law — in fact, they said, there was a law — putting a limit on that sort of thing. Every man, woman and child, they maintained, has a right to be let alone — to be protected against unwarranted intrusions and publicity.

This was really a new legal notion. No right to privacy had ever been recognized as such by the courts. Such a right, if it existed, would protect something intangible, and judges were always slow to recognize intangibles. In the early days they had been concerned chiefly with remedies against physical injuries to persons and property. But gradually they began to take notice "of the individual's spiritual nature, his emotions and his intellect." The right to protection against physical "battery" was extended to cover the *fear* of "assault." The right to protection of property against trespass was extended to give relief against disturbing noises, odors and vibrations. The concept of property itself was enlarged to include such intangibles as good will, trade secrets and inventions. And finally the courts gave protection to such other imponderables as a man's reputation and his family relationships.

The courts need only take one short step further, said Messrs. Brandeis and Warren, to recognize the right of each of us to keep his private life private. They should award damages — and in some cases injunctions — against violators of this right. It might even be a good thing to tack on a

few criminal penalties for the brasher types of spying and prying.

The law review article in which this doctrine was advanced became a legal classic but it was a classic of a lost cause. The doctrine did not catch on very well. It ran smack up against a more powerful force — the right of the public to the free flow of news. In other words, privacy, which is a purely personal privilege, had to give way to the public's right to information through freedom of the press. The Brandeis-Warren team recognized this. They admitted that there could be no limitation on the publication of matters of general interest. But they did not quite face up to the fact that the worst abuses of privacy — those which aroused their righteous wrath — were all abuses perpetrated by the press in the holy name of news. How could such abuses be stopped without curbing press freedom? Messrs. Brandeis and Warren did not say.

III

Nor could the courts do much better — perhaps because they had so little to work with. The persons hit hardest by publicity just didn't go to court about it. It was a full decade before any law developed on the subject. The first court to deal with the right of privacy said there was no such thing. A pretty girl had sued a milling company for displaying "25,000 likenesses of the plaintiff" without permission in stores and saloons to illustrate the slogan "Flour of the Fam-

ily." She was so disturbed by the scoffs and jeers of persons who recognized her picture, she said, that she suffered a nervous shock for which she asked \$15,000 damages. But the New York Court of Appeals told her there was nothing she could do about it. The injustice of this ruling stirred the state legislature to pass a law, still on the books, forbidding the use of the name or picture of any living person for advertising or trade purposes without his written consent. A beginning had been made.

A few years later the Supreme Court of Georgia gave full recognition to privacy as a common law right in a decision which became the leading case on the subject. A life insurance company had used a man's photograph in a newspaper ad, citing him as one example of the happy recipients of dividends from their paid-up policies. He sued for breach of privacy, saying that he had not consented to the use of his picture; that he had never held a policy in that company; that his friends thought he was helping the company deceive the public; that the publicity made him miserable; and that he wanted damages. The court said he was entitled to them. It denounced the commercial exploitation of private lives in a 30-page discourse which, at one point, remarked in horror that if a person's portrait can be used for advertising purposes without his consent, it might even "ornament the bar of a saloon keeper or decorate the walls of a brothel."

In the course of time twelve states have adopted the same view, holding that a man is entitled to redress for the unauthorized appropriation of his name or picture for trade purposes. But what are trade purposes? In trying to answer this question, the courts have all begun from a negative premise: that the publication of news is *not* a trade purpose. No one can stop the use of his name or photograph if they are matters of public interest, no matter how much it hurts him. And the public interest is not confined to the doings of celebrities and the principal actors in news events. You may become news by being an innocent bystander or a relative of someone in the news. A young woman, for example, was denied damages against a newspaper for running her picture with that of her father in connection with the story of his arrest for fraud. The mother of a murdered girl had no recourse against a magazine for publishing her picture to illustrate an article about the trial of the man charged with the crime. The personal tragedy of parents of young delinquents is routine news, as evidenced by the daily publication of pictures of Mom and Dad comforting their wayward offspring in jail or courtroom. New York newspapers once featured candid camera shots of the son of a Southern senator as he staggered drunkenly down the gang-plank of a boat, helped by stewards. His condition was news only because his father was a prominent prohibitionist.

The public interest is by no means

limited to spot news. Tales twice told — even long after the fact — may still be within the public interest. The former child prodigy, William James Sidis, was turned down by the courts when he sued the *New Yorker* for reviving his unhappy story in its “Where Are They Now?” department. The court admitted that his privacy had been destroyed by the merciless exposure of the intimate details of his life. In fact, he suffered more than most people would have, because he hated publicity and had gone to “pitiable lengths” to avoid it. But, the court said, he had no remedy:

The work possesses great reader interest, for it is both amusing and instructive. . . . Regrettably or not, the misfortunes and frailties of neighbors and “public figures” are subjects of considerable interest and discussion to the rest of the population. And when such are the mores of the community, it would be unwise for a court to bar their expression in newspapers, books and magazines of the day.

The moral of that is — once news, always news, as hundreds of people have discovered when their love affairs, marital troubles and adventures in court or jail, are rehashed in the Sunday magazines. As a rule they can do nothing about it, unless the story includes libelous matter.

Public performers especially have no right to be finicky about the use of their pictures, which are almost always considered legitimate matters of public interest. A shapely girl, who earned her living by a high-diving act,

sued the publisher of the *Police Gazette* for running her photograph with shots of four strip-teasers under the caption: "Five of a Kind on This Page. Most of Them Adorn the Burlesque Stage. All of them are Favorites of the Baldheaded Boys." The court recalled that the *Police Gazette* was the same pink paper which "hung on the sides of news booths in our boyhood days and which seems to be even now an ornament of village barbershops." It "scarcely appealed to refined taste." But it did dispense information of a sort, and the figure of a girl who exhibited herself publicly was information of the sort it had a right to dispense.

A Los Angeles judge told Sally Rand much the same thing. She had leaped off the stage during a bubble dance to smash a couple of candid cameras aimed at her without permission. At her trial for assault and battery, she pleaded that she was defending her right of privacy. In sustaining a verdict of guilty, the court said: "If Sally Rand were to take a bath and charge admission, there would be no violation of her right of privacy if someone came in and took a picture."

There are some limits, however, to the use of pictures. Where the connection with the news is too remote, the courts may intervene. A sex story magazine published the picture of a professional model in a negligee without her consent. This was held to be a violation of the New York privacy statute, because she personally had never been an item of news.

But the court decisions are not consistent in drawing the line. For instance, a Sunday supplement ran a scandal piece headed:

"I'm a Slave of His First Wife" — Laments This Distracted Woman in a True Life Drama that Bares One Side of New York's "Alimony Racket," in which the Vengeful No. 1 Can, and Often Does, Jail the Man She Loved, Until He is Down and Completely Out.

It was illustrated with a picture of the "first wife" over the caption:

Mrs. H—S— had her Blueblood Husband Jailed in a Dispute over an Alimony Check. He was Quickly Freed.

This seems no worse than hundreds of "re-writes" published every year. Yet a New York Court ruled that the publisher had gone too far.

When an author or publisher crosses over from fact to fiction, he is likely to lose his special immunity. A New York court cracked down on a magazine company for printing a boxing story, called "Deuces for the Duke," in which the name of a professional fighter was used more than one hundred times in twenty pages just to provide background. Such excessive exploitation of one man's personality could not be excused on the ground that it "imparted information of general interest." The Supreme Court of Florida came to somewhat similar conclusions in passing on the complaint of a woman who sued Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings for destroying her

peace of mind by describing her life and personality, including her favorite cuss words, in *Cross Creek*. Even though it was a friendly and favorable portrayal, the court held that the complaint on its face set up an invasion of the right of privacy. In this case there was no question as to the identity of the character used. But a former AMG officer got nowhere with his contention that he was the original of Major Jappolo in John Hersey's *A Bell for Adano*. The court dismissed his suit on the ground that no wrong had been done because his name had not been used and the parallel, if any, between the real and fictional characters was slight. In fact, the courts are generally disinclined to harass authors for "coincidental" resemblances between real and fictional characters.

The protection accorded to news stories disappears, of course, when the use of a name or picture is purely for profit, without any informational purpose. Thus privacy was held to be clearly violated by a magazine advertisement that ran Fred Astaire's picture to boost the sale of jewelry, by the insertion of the portrait of an actress in lockets sold by a dime store, and by the use of the full-length figure of a Follies girl, redrawn from a photograph, to illustrate posters of a movie entitled *Shame*.

Actually the profit motive rears its horrid head behind almost every publication of names and pictures. The only pertinent question is whether the use may be excused for reasons of

public interest. This same conflict between public and private interests appears in the cases involving motion pictures, but here the decisions are even less consistent. A documentary of street scenes in New York, including a brief close-up of a woman selling bread from a push-cart, was held by a state court to violate her privacy by showing her in "a foolish, unnatural and undignified manner." But some years later a Federal court in the same state threw out the complaint of a fat woman against the exhibitors of a film which showed her with a group of hopeful ladies trying to take off poundage in a gym. Relief was also denied to a woman lawyer in New York who won distinction as an amateur detective by solving the murder of a missing high school girl. A newsreel cameraman had caught her in the act of discovering the body in a cellar, and the resulting film was shown and advertised with posters representing her as "The Woman Who Succeeded Where Police Failed." The court refused to ban the film on the ground that a newsreel is just as much a purveyor of news as a newspaper.

But film producers still must be careful when reconstructing news events. The old Vitagraph Company ran into trouble in 1913 when it made a picture reenacting the story of Jack Binns, the wireless operator who sent out SOS calls while the *S.S. Republic* was sinking after colliding with the *Florida*. The film itself collided with the law and went down under the impact of a court injunction. Some years

later the California courts snuffed out an atrocious movie called *The Red Kimono*. It depicted the career of a former prostitute and her trial for murder, using her real name, although she had long since redeemed herself by marriage and irreproachable conduct. This raking up of her past life was held by the court to violate her right to pursue and obtain happiness guaranteed by the state constitution.

IV

The truth is that the right of privacy has not developed very far as a legal doctrine. It was stymied from the start. All conflicts between the public's right to know what is going on and the individual's right to be let alone were invariably resolved by the courts in favor of the public. A vast category of abuses was thus excluded from any relief at all.

Two other factors, which Messrs. Brandeis and Warren did not consider, slowed down the development of the right of privacy: the dominant exhibitionism of the human race and the reluctance of victims of publicity to go to court.

Exhibitionism is not a recent phenomenon. St. Simeon on his pillar and the Hindu mystics on their beds of spikes were early examples of this impulse. Today it has both greater urgency and greater scope. Mass communications have multiplied the opportunities and the audience. Most people crave to be lifted out of the morass of anonymity. Any public attention, no matter how foolish it

makes them look, is better than none. Consider the thousands of undistinguished wives who cherish for the rest of their lives that brief but dizzy pinnacle of fame achieved when they plastered their husbands with pies to the delight of several million radio listeners.

In a world where publicity is highly valued and highly paid, the desire to avoid it is little understood. Only a shy minority is really hurt by the spotlight. Their very shyness militates against the development of any law to protect that shyness. When exposed to public view, they simply wriggle away and hope to be forgotten. Before they will bring suit the disturbance to their personal lives must be so terrific that going to court can't make it worse. This was apparently what happened in *The Red Kimono* and Sidis cases — the only really flagrant violations of privacy ever aired in court. With those exceptions, almost every complaint filed in court over unauthorized publicity has been trivial. The plaintiff was shocked and chagrined because his picture was used without permission, but when you look at the facts, you find that the shock was mostly to the plaintiff's pocketbook. Someone made money out of the picture and the plaintiff wanted his cut.

The conclusion to be drawn is that legal restraints will never stop newsmen from supplying what they think the public wants, as long as we still have freedom of the press. Restraints,

to be effective, must be imposed by the gentlemen of the press and radio themselves. Some years ago, Westbrook Pegler, hard-boiled though he claims to be, cried out against the hounding of celebrities by "picture-chasers" and the stigmatizing of innocent persons for the crimes of their relatives. Recently a Chicago columnist, Sydney J. Harris, protested against the public immolation by the press of people picked up by the police for questioning. "A newspaper should print all the facts," he said. "If it is a responsible newspaper, it will print *only* facts, not surmise, suspicions and wild accusations." Here are the beginnings of a code which editors and publishers could easily

draft and enforce. Such a code should outlaw the worst invasions of privacy.

It is, of course, not the sole responsibility of our news agencies. The all-seeing eyes of the press and radio's lurking ears are really collective extensions of ourselves. They reflect the prevailing standards of taste and decency. When any considerable part of the public demands greater restraint, we shall get it.

In the meantime, a man's only hope of being let alone is to live a happy humdrum life and stay out of the way of newsmen. If fate brings him tragedy, pain or even extraordinary luck, his private life will surely be served up hot and steaming to make an American holiday.

TURNING POINT

BY LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

That house of life which had been hers to build
Stood finished now; her sons and daughters grown,
She found the days less rigorously filled,
With time at last that she could call her own.
Of greater moment than a table spread
Or heartbreak mended with a patient word
Were those bright vistas lying just ahead,
Enjoyment of a leisure long deferred.

The links in that invisible chain which bound
Her tightly to another's constant need,
All had been finally broken, and she found
Herself in a new world of expectation, freed.
Yet what she thought most precious to possess
Suddenly held no more than emptiness!

LOVE IN THE PULP MAGAZINES

BY ANN WARREN GRIFFITH

THIS is an invitation to the reader to put down his copy of Dr. Kinsey's grim researches for a moment and refresh himself with a brief excursion into another world — a world where there is no perversion, no bestiality, where, in fact, there is no sex. Only love. Or, to make the distinction clearer, only "romantic love." This happy world is to be found in the love pulp magazines, a group of periodicals whose number apparently is limited only by the variety of ways in which a few key words can be combined. *Love, Love Stories, Love Short Stories, Complete Love, Complete Love Short Stories, All Love, All-Story Love, Love Fiction, Complete Love Fiction*, are a few of the combinations already in use; descriptive titles run the gamut from *New Love* to *Thrilling Love*. But only the bright side of the ledger is represented; the reader will not find *Loveless Love, Hopeless Love, Free Love*, or even *Love for Sale*.

Month in and month out, all this love is bandied about without any results that would be of even passing interest to Dr. Kinsey. The characters spend most of their time kissing, with

effects which, as we shall see, make some of the Doctor's findings pale by comparison, but this preoccupation leads to the altar rather than the bed. Few of the characters think as lucidly as Sherree, but she states the goal of all of them when she muses:

An engagement is only a ring on your finger. It doesn't mean the man of your dreams is safe in your heart. It was the wedding ring that counted, and that was something Sherree despaired of ever getting from her kind of men.

The goal may be pursued in either of two ways — the easy way or the hard way. In spite of her despair, Sherree's path turns out to be a relatively easy one. A new man, name of Linscott Arles, enters the plot and when "her eyes met his for the first time, it was like a shock — like two currents of electricity in midair; suspended, smouldering." The only difficulty is that he has just been burnt by a blonde named Tania, and before that by a succession of blondes named Elena, Debra and Arlee, and Sherree's a blonde too, so he finds himself, in the author's graphic words, "caught in the center of a dilemma." But Sher-

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ree, as we have seen, is more articulate than most, and is able to talk him out of his idea that all blondes are "cool, hard and brittle" in the following eloquent passage:

"Haven't you realized that people are *individuals*? That everyone is *different*? That everyone has a character, a personality, a being of his own? That just because a girl has hair of a particular color she isn't necessarily like every other girl in the world with hair of the same shade. That blondes *aren't* all alike?"

Such advanced reasoning mightily impresses Lin.

His face flooded with incredulity. "I wouldn't have believed there was so much difference. It's amazing. Certainly Tania doesn't have anything like your fire and spirit. Or your temper, either. Tania would have tossed off my remarks with a light laugh and a flippant witticism. What else do you have, Sherree? What else am I going to find out about you . . . ?"

And so she wins her ring by just sitting around talking.

Fayne Randolph chose the other way, the hard way. Never in Shakespeare's bloodiest dreams did the course of true love run crooked. A spirited, restless type, Fayne refuses to be satisfied with her first ring, a "plain, platinum band" acquired from Harvey whom she marries to spite her True Love when he apparently jilts her. "It was nice to be kissed, of course, but Harvey's kisses weren't at all thrilling. And he always stopped kissing her at the exact instant Fayne's lips warmed under his." She becomes interested in Rand (who has a "hard, firm kiss that stirred

Fayne strangely") and, in a rather unusual arrangement, goes to live with him while waiting for her divorce from Harvey. Even here, however, there is nothing for Dr. Kinsey. A sample night:

Fayne didn't sleep at all. She lay awake, hour after hour, intensely conscious that in the next room, past the thin partition was a man who loved her. Rand wasn't sleeping well either. She heard him twisting and turning about.

Honorable though the arrangement is, it doesn't go down with Harvey, who sets off an appalling chain of mayhem when he appears "with eyes red with jealous fury, and with tiny flecks of foam on his mouth" and shoots Rand. In swift and somewhat confusing succession follow Harvey's suicide, the deaths of two minor characters, and the return to town of Terry Arnold, her True Love, at the mere sight of whom "Her heart beat madly in her fingertips, her throat, her wrists. She pulsed like a tree in a mighty gale. She tried to speak his name but the word died in her throat . . . she pitched forward on the floor in a faint, falling almost as Tery's very feet" (at this point even the proofreader is panting). All this time she is doing three shows nightly of an exhausting voodoo dance, and what with one thing and another it is small wonder that she pitches forward on the floor in a faint no less than seven times during the course of the story.

Well, there's Rand on his deathbed and she must marry him so that he

will die happy. This time she gets a "platinum circlet, very wide and thickly encrusted with diamonds. 'I — I seem to be making a collection of these, don't I?' she said slowly. Under her breath she added, 'Wedding rings I don't want!'" Rand recovers and Terry runs off with Blanche Delroy and Fayne's aunt is murdered and she is put on trial and her house burns down and two more deaths occur and Rand releases her and Terry comes back and he hadn't run off with Blanche after all, he'd merely "ducked down to Mexico City and stayed there, leading an orchestra"; and not until the author has put her through every hurdle in the book is poor Fayne allowed to get the wedding ring she does want. We can be sure she will roam no more. Why, "just the touch of Terry's lips on the soft palms of her little hands, was like completing the circuit in an electric current."

By love pulp standards, Fayne was a crashing success. She got three husbands, and a staggering amount of "love" along the way. But the unfortunates who fail to achieve the goal, who stumble somewhere on the road to matrimony, are even more revealing of the standards which prevail in pulpland. Inevitably, most of the plots are triangles. Once in a while there are quadrangles, but these are usually too simple; they can be resolved by cross-mating, in which all contestants reach the altar. The triangles, though, can be resolved only by the defeat of one of the contestants.

II

The surest route to the altar is *via* the thrilling kiss. Conversely, the chief cause of defeat is the inability to kiss thrillingly, or, to be more accurate, the inability to kiss *as* thrillingly as someone else, since whenever lips meet in pulpland there is some measure of thrill. The kiss is credited with some extraordinary powers, and under its impact the reader is vicariously wafted to heaven, plunged into blackness and/or ecstasy, stunned, spun, deprived of breath, shaken, made limp, rocked, rocketed through space, freed, maddened, set on fire, transported, robbed of will power, and sometimes even rendered unconscious. The difference between success and failure is only a matter of degree. It might seem from the following passage that Drake was the man for Marcia:

The conflagration that raged in her breast when Drake kissed her was frightening. She was afraid of her own reaction to his kisses more than she was afraid of him. . . . Marcia got that mounting sense of wild excitement and danger. He drew her to him and kissed her. All the old madness came to light at that moment.

After all, you might think, what more could a girl expect? But those of us who know our way around pulpland are not surprised when Drake loses Marcia to Kerry, for "his kiss was so wonderful Marcia felt as though she'd gone straight to heaven." We knew all along that Marcia could hold out for, and find, something more than mere madness. Drake and all of his

kind do not get to the altar because, although able to produce astonishing results, they are outdone by somebody with an even greater kiss-potential. (Terry's effect on Fayne was so cosmic that the author was incapable of describing it.)

The most noteworthy kiss ever recorded in the pages of the love pulps — in fact, it may well be the most noteworthy ever committed to print anywhere — is a thirty-second wonder which took place between a pair described as brother and sister. The participants being apparently related, and the postal laws being what they are, it is understandable that the author was hard put to it to bring such a situation about; that she achieved it in only three pages of preliminary plot is greatly to her credit. At the end of the thirty seconds, during which time "the flame that kindled in his eyes seemed to strike an even fiercer blaze in her heart, and Julie could feel its warm, golden enchantment flowing over her in a blinding haze," and "the world rocked and spun, but she wanted it to come to an end like this, with his arms crushing her close, his mouth hard and demanding on hers," it is clear to both that there must be some mistake. The author tempts them with a variety of inducements, including a \$2 million inheritance if Julie *is* his sister, but they are interested only in unearthing proof of what that blinding haze revealed to them. It's a long road, back through tedious pages of family history, to the original mix-up, but if the

reader sticks with it to the end he gets his reward.

"Sometimes you hurt me so much you made me sorry I was your sister. . . ." She smiled suddenly at that, a soft, tantalizing smile, and nestled closer. "Now you've made me glad that I'm not!" "I think you'll like me better as a husband," Dick agreed as he bent his head down to hers once more.

Next to being out-smooched by a rival, the most prevalent cause of defeat is an imperfection in appearance. Again it is a relative thing. Pulpland is peopled only by the handsome and the beautiful. Anyone not meeting these minimum requirements is not allowed in this rarified atmosphere. But there are slight deviations from absolute perfection, and these are considered adequate grounds for rejecting a suitor.

Witness the case history of a man, "Blonde, tall, sophisticated, handsome — that was Carl. He had gray-green eyes and a lazy way of smiling." That, plus "a long green roadster and a wonderful job in New York" sends Hedy into a tailspin instantly, and later, after he has jilted her, sends her to Vermont for ten weeks to recover from a broken heart. Carl at length changes his mind, leaves the wonderful job and pursues her to Vermont. Seeing him again, "she stared at him and saw that his chin was weak and that his eyes were too close together. Why hadn't she noticed those things last summer? What a fool she had been to get lovesick over this blonde sap!" Luckily, a flawlessly-featured farm

boy is lurking in the background to pick her up on the rebound, comfort her in her hideous disillusion, and wed her. There is no hope for Carl, no weddings for weak chins and close eyes.

However, in this world built on shifting sand, where love blooms and dies and blooms again as quickly as a blinking neon sign, even a perfect face does not guarantee success, because it is possible for one to be more perfect than another. Raven, for instance, "a beautiful young actress, adorable and very smooth," is loved by Ricky until, in less time than it takes to bat an eye, he spies Dana and confesses to her, "I thought I was in love with Raven. Then tonight all of a sudden I realized she couldn't hold a candle to you in looks. . . . I wonder now what I ever saw in her!" *Sic transit gloria!*

There is a curious footnote to this business of physical characteristics. Blonde women and brunette women are interchangeable and equally eligible to win the coveted wedding ring. But a blonde man is doomed from the minute he sets foot in the plot. No matter how well he gets along in the first three or four pages, something always trips him up before the home stretch. Not all men who lose are blonde, but all blonde men lose. Thus if a girl has a light suitor and a dark suitor, the latter may be counted upon to win her, and only when both are dark is there any doubt about the outcome. And if a man is introduced whose face is blue-black even after a

fresh shave, the reader will not have to continue *that* story any longer as he is an absolutely sure bet, razor ads to the contrary notwithstanding.

Possessing a fortune is another great stumbling block on the road to matrimony. Not many of the characters are as broad-minded as Fayne who, on learning that Terry is the scion of the enormously wealthy Arnold family, asserts bravely, "I don't mind about your having money." "You wouldn't," he replied, "I love that about you." It is significant that by the time they marry, Terry has lost everything and is struggling to support his impoverished mother. (What happened to the fortune is never mentioned. In the wild confusion which her plot generates, the author may have forgotten to explain where it went, or she may simply have forgotten that she had endowed Terry with it in the first place.)

The trouble with the rich is that they are unhappy. Though they have everything one might think one wanted, they suffer ineffable misery. Since the characters in pulpland are well aware of the wretched life of the rich, they generally decline to throw in their lot with one of that class. The sordid secret of Sandra was that she had a million dollars. Before Mike learned the truth, he was "laughing down at her in his gay Irish way, 'Golden hair, brown eyes all done up in spangly cobwebs.' His voice had suddenly sobered. 'The stuff of dreams, you know,' he added." But just see what happens when it's time

to go home and she gives him her Park Avenue address!

Mike's face, in the street light, had gone white, tense, and he swung the car to the towering steel apartment house in a frightened silence. "Sandra Reynolds," he said in a low, dazed voice, "Sandra Reynolds, the ship builder's daughter and I didn't even know. I should have guessed you were a Junior Leaguer." He laughed harshly. "But I was walking on clouds and I couldn't see." His voice was tight, hard . . . "money unimportant?" he cut in bitterly. He jumped from the car and helped her to the curb. She stumbled and held onto the car. The tall, sleek buildings and the liveried doorman blurred together. And Mike, so polite and stiff, and muttering something about penthouse palaces, through tight lips, was part of the crazy blur. He led her to the door in silence, tipped his hat, and when she reached out blindly for him, he wheeled and hurried back to the car. That had been a month ago, and he had avoided her steadily.

In the end, Sandra removes the barrier to marriage by giving all her money away, and she and Mike settle down to a life of blissful poverty.

The wealthy contender must always lose either his money or the girl, but in spite of this scurvy treatment accorded him, he performs a very useful function for the love pulps. By dragging him (or her) into the plot the author is able to dangle before the reader a scintillating array of penthouses, long cars, cocktail parties, fabulous wardrobes, and all the other trappings that make the reader drool.

And it is essential that the reader drool. If an author hasn't the heart to bring in a rich girl, use her, and then

kick her out the door when the dénouement comes, there are many other devices that serve as well. A common one is simply to ignore logic and furnish underpaid secretary-heroines with a variety and quality of clothes, all described at great length, that would easily put them among the ten best dressers. Any heroine, as a matter of fact, is at the mercy of her wardrobe. Kay's fiancé has been away for a year, a most painful separation for both. He comes back to marry her, but the reunion takes a nasty turn.

He kissed her. His kiss was heaven as far as Kay was concerned. They sat down and Barry held her hand under the table. Then all at once Barry released her hand. He said in a strangled voice, "Kay, why the dress? Haven't you heard of the New Look?"

A hasty trip to the store saves the romance, but evidently Barry is deeply shaken and has not recovered complete confidence in her. Two days before the wedding he's calling her on the phone. " 'Even though we're having just a hurried wedding at City Hall with nobody there,' Barry said, 'I want you to wear a white suit, simple, but smart. And a silly little hat with lots of veiling. Oh, Kay darling, you'll look so sweet!' "

But why is the reader reaching for his Kinsey? He's had enough? Why we have barely scratched the surface of loveland! Doesn't he want to hear about Buffy, "standing small and motionless in the circle of Cole's arms, feeling the sluggishness of her pulses

give way, grow warmer, until her veins were filled with racing fire, feeling the heady wonder of his mouth blazing against hers"? Or about Robin, who "felt as if all the world were melting and slipping away and there was only Dion to cling to, and she was blind with the glory and the

wonder of it"? And Dion, who whispers back, "Your eyes are so naked, my love"? Does the reader want to get out of here, back to where there is no glory, no wonder, where, in fact there is no love? Only sex? Well, if that's what he wants. . . . As Sherree says, everyone is *different*.

PHRASE ORIGINS—38

PHONEY: *Through some quirk of folk-etymology, the term phoney (or phony) has become entangled with the word telephone and the association persists, even among the learned. Probably the influence of telephone explains why we now spell the word with a ph instead of an f, despite the fact that phoney's antecedents have been spelled with an f for centuries. One of the earlier recognizable ancestors of the modern phoney is the word fawney, which was used during the eighteenth century in the phrase fawney-rig. Fawney-rig was an old con game very closely resembling the modern pigeon-dropping, except that a ring, made of brass but passing for gold, was dropped in the presence of the sucker. The word fawney is certainly very old; undoubtedly it goes back further than 1788, when Grose listed it. In a work published in 1817 Vaux, the student of flash-language, records that fawney means a finger-ring, carrying a connotation of something cheap or fake. Ainsworth, in Rookwood (1834), gives us "With my fawnied jamms [hands] and onions gay. . . ." Hotten and other mid-century British writers mention fawney, fawney-bouncing and fawney-rig. Legend has it that the buttons from the uniforms of a certain almshouse were made of metal excellently adapted to the manufacture of these fake rings, called by the Irish tinkers who made them fiannés. In 1859 the word appears in American usage as parney (fake jewelry), which may be a misprint, but which more probably reflects a phonetic variation. A little later on, Frank Tarbeaux reports that his father advised him to "avoid the scratch and the forney," by which he meant forgery and counterfeiting, at which point we can see the word extending from fake jewelry to something else bogus. The same form appears in a Philadelphia police record for May 30, 1908, when one Joseph Stein was charged with "selling forney jewelry to Thos. Wotten, 836 Carpenter St." The transition to the present-day phoney is reflected likewise from Philadelphia, although by this time the modern form seems to have been widely used as a slang term in America. The Philadelphia Transcript for December 6, 1905, preceding the local gendarmes by some three years in nobby usage and up-to-date spelling, prints this notice: "We certainly would like to know who starts all those phoney rumors about Shikey Lieberman, who never bothers anybody that lets him alone. . . ."*

DAVID W. MAUREE and EVERETT DEBAUN

WALLACE'S COMMUNIST-FRONT PARTY

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

THE more one studies what went on at the recent convention of Henry Wallace's Progressive party the more reasons does one find for uneasiness. Not that there is any danger of Mr. Wallace ever getting the reins of government into his hands. Indeed, his party will in all probability get a smaller percentage of the total vote than any previous major third party. In 1912 the Progressive party of Theodore Roosevelt received 4,100,000 votes, or 27 per cent of the total. Twelve years later La Follette's Progressive party polled 4,800,000 votes, or 700,000 more than the Roosevelt Progressives, but only 16 per cent of the total.

Mr. Wallace's publicity experts predict that the new party will poll about 5 million of the expected 50 million votes, or 10 per cent; while independent polls predict that the third party will obtain between 3 and 4 million votes, or between 6 and 8 per cent. Thus, while the Bull Moose Progressives appealed to more than one fourth of voting Americans, and the La Follette Progressives to approximately one sixth, the Wallace Progressives, it seems quite certain, will persuade only one tenth at the most.

The importance of the new party, however, cannot be judged truly by

its probable vote. All previous third parties were indigenous developments, hence healthy, despite some excesses, and salutary in their influence upon their times and subsequent history. The Bull Moose party was in part the expression of Theodore Roosevelt's personal vengeance upon President Taft and the GOP for refusing to renominate him; but to a greater extent it reflected the revolt of the more liberal forces in the party against the ultra-conservative leadership of Eastern Big Business. It lived briefly as a party but it instilled new ideas into the GOP, so that thereafter men of the stamp of William Allen White, Senator Robert La Follette, Sr., Senator Hiram Johnson and Senator George W. Norris had a considerable say on Capitol Hill and in Republican councils.

Similarly with the Progressive party of 1924. It, too, was indigenous, so much so, in fact, that it specifically banned Communists, because, to quote Senator La Follette himself, they are not only "the mortal enemies of the Progressive movement and democratic ideals, but under the cloak of such extremists, the reactionary interests find the best opportunity to plant their spies and provocatory agents for the purpose of confusing and de-

stroying the Progressive movements." La Follette's Progressives represented a dissatisfaction with the dominant thinking in both major parties, particularly with regard to unions, minimum wages, protective health legislation, child labor conditions, interstate hydro-electric power, and the regulation of huge industrial and financial enterprises. The La Follette Progressive party did not live beyond the 1924 elections, but its influence became manifest in various phases of the New Deal and some aspects of the Hoover Administration, too.

II

The present third party differs radically from these and all preceding third parties in that it is not indigenous. It is the first party in all American history that is foreign in its conception, in its basic ideology, in its real leadership and in its general direction. To be sure, its domestic program contains much that is in line with those of previous major third parties. But what truly characterizes the new party obviously is not its outlook on national issues, but rather its point of view on international affairs. It is here that it breaks sharply with the tradition of all American political parties. The leadership and, indeed, the entire conduct of the party's recent convention in Philadelphia were something wholly new in our annals. It is true that both major parties are to a considerable extent boss-ridden, but it is also true that delegates do not always listen to the bosses. This was

shown dramatically at the Democratic convention. The Administration forces were for a vague civil rights plank. Messrs. Biemiller and Humphrey, representing a tiny minority of the platform committee, were for a much stronger one and took the issue to the floor. The result is now well known. The Administration was defeated and the delegates voted in favor of the stronger plank.

Things were different at the convention of the Progressive party, which, as Alistair Cooke, American correspondent for the liberal Manchester *Guardian*, vividly described it, "roared . . . along the single-track laid by its founder, thundered through its automatic signals, and in less than twelve hours swallowed after brief suppressed debate a draft constitution, and without the nonsense of a roll-call" nominated Wallace and Taylor.

The men who directed the deliberations of the convention tolerated no debate. When three delegates from Vermont urged that a declaration be inserted in the platform stating that it is "not our intention to give blanket indorsement to the foreign policy of any nation," that is, that the party refrain from throwing itself entirely into the arms of the Soviet Union, the leadership permitted no discussion and it was held that the proposed change would be "an insinuation against a friendly ally" and a clear submission to "anti-Soviet hysteria." The same leadership did not think it was anti-British hysteria to denounce

British domestic and international policies, or that it was anti-American hysteria to denounce American domestic and international policies.

Who were the leaders? They included Vito Marcantonio, whose votes in Congress and speeches in and out of Congress show an almost miraculous adherence to the Communist line; Albert J. Fitzgerald, president of the CIO United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers Union, and permanent chairman of the convention, who enjoys the admiration of the *Daily Worker*; Lee Pressman, of whom Mr. Cooke of the Manchester *Guardian* said that he "has been as close as a fly's wing to the Communist Party and will not deny it," and who, according to Whittaker Chambers, testifying before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, was a member of the Communist underground; John Abt, a labor lawyer who in his political and economic ideas seems to be a carbon copy of Mr. Pressman, and who, again according to Chambers, was also a member of the Party's underground; and C. B. Baldwin, who, in the past few years has not been known to utter a single sentence that the extreme left could find serious objection to. These men rammed through a platform that is against the Marshall Plan, against all aid to Greece and Turkey, for the abolition of the draft, for the destruction of all American atomic bombs, and so forth. No wonder the Russian press and the Moscow radio have praised it so highly.

III

All this really should not have surprised anyone. As far back as last February 28 William Z. Foster, national Chairman of the Communist Party in the United States, speaking at a Lenin memorial meeting in Philadelphia said, "The Wallace party is the Communist Party," and he urged all Communists to "lend all your efforts to build this new party regardless of what the AFL or the CIO direct." The third party idea was developed at a conference of the New York Communist Party in 1946. About the same time *World News and Views*, a British Communist magazine, stated that "the main champions of a third party are the Communists." A year ago *World Economy and World Politics* of Moscow said that a third party in America "has acquired especial urgency," and the American Communist Party at once began to work for the formation of such a party, before Wallace himself had decided.

Mr. Wallace's overlords in Moscow and in this country were pretty frank about what they had in mind. William Z. Foster said, "In this broad new party movement we Communists will have to strive to deepen the understanding of the masses regarding the growing general crisis of capitalism. With the working masses breaking loose more and more from capitalist ideological and organizational control, they will be responsive to our Marxist-Leninist lessons." In short, as

Martin Ebon, a close student of Communist tactics, has pointed out, the Communists aim to use the Wallace Progressive party as a people's front, with the same end in mind as their comrades had when they organized a National Front to destroy Czechoslovakia, a Fatherland Front to enslave Bulgaria, and a National Front, again, to bamboozle the patriotic Yugoslavs into accepting Tito.

The manner in which the name of Franklin D. Roosevelt was employed at the convention is, as Mr. Seymour Freidin pointed out in the New York *Herald Tribune*, in accordance with Communist infiltration maneuvers the world over. Communists always like to make use of a local hero to dupe the local patriots. In Czechoslovakia they carried aloft the name and ideas of President-Liberator Thomas Masaryk. In Bulgaria they did the same with Alexander Stambolisky, and in Hungary they made use of Louis Kossuth. These names were immediately forgotten once the Communists got into power. Pictures of Marx, Lenin and Stalin quickly replaced pictures of Masaryk, Stambolisky and Kossuth.

Mr. Freidin also makes shrewd comment upon the use of the slogan, "Wallace or War," which the keynote speaker, Charles P. Howard, let loose upon the convention. That type of slogan is an integral part of Communist tactics for softening up and capturing a country. It is an American version of "Togliatti or War," used in the last Italian elections, "Gott-

wald or Fascism," used in Prague not long before Masaryk's son came to a tragic and mysterious end, and "Rakosi or Reaction," used in Hungary before that poor country succumbed to totalitarianism.

Despite such facts Miss Lillian Hellman, the playwright and a presumably rational person, insists that the charge that the third party is "controlled by the Communist Party . . . is a lie. We are not controlled by the Communist Party and never will be." This must be the lowest depth of credulity.

IV

The nominal leader of the Progressive party, Henry Wallace, undoubtedly has had a great deal to do with the success of the party among the young, the overly idealistic, and all others not too well-informed. His religious fervor, his continual dedication to what he calls his crusade against all evil, appeal to the "frightened and dissatisfied." When pushed to the wall on specific points of information, as happened at the celebrated press conference in Philadelphia, when he was asked about the Guru letters and about Tito, he makes an embarrassing spectacle; in the words of Joseph and Stewart Alsop, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune*, that conference seemed like "the baiting of a village idiot."

Whether or not Mr. Wallace is wholly innocent of what is going on had perhaps best be left to expert psychiatrists or to the final judgment

of his Creator, but there can be no doubt that he is the ideal stooge for the real forces operating behind the scenes. He seems to take hints without much difficulty. When the Marshall Plan was first announced he appeared to be very much for it, and even claimed the credit for having presented pretty much the same idea before. But when the Kremlin said it was against the Marshall Plan because of what it called its hidden imperialistic potentialities, Mr. Wallace not long after began to repeat the same words. The collapse of Czechoslovak democracy shook him for a while, but when Moscow let it be known that the United States, in the person of Ambassador Laurence Steinhardt, was solely to blame, Mr. Wallace agreed. Mr. Steinhardt proved conclusively that he could not possibly have had anything to do with the Czech tragedy, but that did not bring forth an apology from Mr. Wallace. Then there is his recent counsel that we withdraw completely from Berlin — exactly what the Russians have been asking for. In short, Mr. Wallace is generally adamant in his espousal of the Party line, no matter how contrary to the obvious facts the line is and how much violence it does to his own previously stated convictions.

Because of this, according to Herbert L. Matthews, writing in the *New York Times* from London, Wallace's following among liberals in England has dropped sharply of late. When Wallace visited them some months ago, they were taken in by his ap-

parently genuine enthusiasm for the underdog. But not long after that they began to look upon him as a "real fellow-traveler . . . accepting Communist support and Communist policies." In Paris, as elsewhere, says Mr. Matthews, "Wallace is looked upon as a stalking horse for Stalin in the United States."

An encouraging fact is that the Progressive party, which claims to be the best friend of all the hard-pressed and down-trodden men and women in the United States, has so little real support among them. The CIO and the AFL have denounced the party. Mr. Wallace has always claimed special concern for the farmers, yet only 4 per cent of the delegates to the Progressive convention were farmers. Mr. Wallace also has often said that the Progressive party is a continuation of President Roosevelt's New Deal Democratic party, but New Dealers have been conspicuously absent from the councils of the new party. The outstanding exception, of course, is Rexford Tugwell, one of the earliest brain trusters. Though he was the chairman of the platform committee and a supporter of the Marshall Plan, he was promptly silenced and had to agree to a platform which vigorously criticized the Marshall Plan as an enemy of world peace. That he did not resign at once from the party is a sufficient commentary upon his political principles and sagacity.

Of course, the national convention of the Communist Party pledged support to the new party. In the words

of General Secretary Eugene Dennis, the new party "must be led by the working class and its most class-conscious sector," *i.e.*, the Communist Party. Mrs. Elinor Gimbel, national chairman of Women for Wallace, ostensibly speaking for many non-Communist adherents of the Progressive party, said, "I don't consider Communist support of our party a major issue. If they support Mr. Wallace and our program, we are happy to have them." Nothing could be more naïve. Consider, to cite only one instance, what they did to the American Labor party in New York. They captured it completely, as they have captured nearly every organization that was stupid enough to let them participate to however small an extent.

The Progressive party is thus the most public and the largest Communist front organized in our history thus far. This makes it potentially the most dangerous to the public welfare. The basic philosophy of Communism is enmity to all governments save that of Russia. According to the constitution of the Third International, which is binding upon every Communist in every country: "Every branch and member of the Universal Communist Party is pledged to indulge in national treason in case of war with the Soviets — no matter who, in such a war, should be aggressor. . . . Communism repudiates the possibility of winning over parliaments. The aim is to destroy parliaments." There is grim meaning in this. In the words of

Roscoe Drummond, chief of the Washington Bureau of the *Christian Science Monitor*, to whom I am indebted for the quotation, a Communist who "isn't acting to overthrow American democratic government by treason . . . isn't living up to his commitments as an international Communist."¹

Who are the people who follow the new Progressive party? An analysis of the delegates to the new party's recent convention, as made by the party's publicity department, probably gives a pretty good notion of the make-up of the entire following of the new party. About 60 per cent of the delegates were under forty years of age, 30 per cent were women, 35 per cent union members, 20 per cent veterans, 21 per cent members of professions, 9 per cent businessmen, 4 per cent farmers and 1 per cent clergymen.

Very few of the rank and file of the delegates were Communist Party members, as all observers agree. Why, then, did they join up? Of course, no definite answer can be given, but some plausible ones come to mind. The majority of the new Progressives are clearly young people who are very idealistic and shocked by the poverty, insecurity, poor health and war atmosphere in the United States and the rest of the world. This idealism and this reaction of shock are commendable, but for them to leap from their righteous indignation to the virtual

¹ Mr. Drummond discusses the Constitution of the Third International in detail in this issue. See page 389ff.

espousal of a totalitarian philosophy is to reveal vast ignorance and immaturity in the realms of economics and politics.

"Peace, Freedom and Abundance," the three catchwords of the Progressive party, form a wonderful slogan but they can also be used for horrible purposes. The demagogues of all time have employed them to snare the young, the foolish and the uninformed. Hitler promised peace, freedom and abundance; so did Mussolini; so did Huey Long and Father Coughlin; so do Gerald L. K. Smith, Franco and Stalin. Wallace Progressives admit that Hitler and Mussolini and Huey Long were despicable characters, but they say nothing adverse about Stalin or the USSR. The amount of misinformation, dishonesty or both among these people, as Joseph and Stewart Alsop have pointed out, is astonishing. They insist that Russia is practically disarmed, and shut their eyes to the fact that Russia is, by its own admission, the most heavily armed nation in the world, spending a greater percentage of its annual budget on armaments than any other nation.

They insist that Russia cherishes peace, and shut their eyes to the fact that it has the largest army in the world, with more than 4 million soldiers, and that it has had conscription almost from the beginning of the present dictatorship.

They insist that America is thoroughly militaristic, mobilizing a huge army, and shut their eyes to the facts

that we are now completely demobilized and that the new defense act, even with the draft, calls for an army of less than a million.

They insist that the United States threatens to wipe out Russia with atomic bombs, which it is determined to keep entirely as its own secret, and shut their eyes to the fact of the almost incredibly generous Baruch proposal for the international control of the atom bomb — a plan that has been hailed by every nation in the world except Russia. Only the USSR refuses to submit to international inspection of possible atomic plants, the one feature in the entire proposal that ensures international control.

They insist that no nation, least of all the United States, has ever tried to "get along with Russia," and shut their eyes to the fact that Russia has sabotaged every conference of the Big Four, frequently on the flimsiest pretexts.

They insist that Russia has never broken a single treaty, and shut their eyes to the facts that it has broken more than twenty, and that its word in all Western chancelleries is now considered worthless.

They insist that Russia is the only true friend the Zionists have, and shut their eyes to the facts that until two years ago Moscow branded Zionism as a form of British imperialism, and that even today Zionism is outlawed in the Soviet Union.

They insist that only in Russia are there real labor unions, and shut their eyes to the facts that there is a per-

petual injunction against all strikes in Russia, and that only in Russia are unions in total bondage to the government, which sets their rules and elects their officers.

They insist that only in Russia is there no anti-Semitism and that only under Communism is there no prejudice against Negroes; and shut their eyes to the facts that it is extremely difficult for a Jew to rise very high in the Russian Army or Navy or Soviet educational system, and that as far as general racial equality is concerned, to quote Miss Rebecca West, "the Communists want to make the Negroes a discontented minority — with an unconstructive discontent which will lead them nowhere — and to foment race riots which would cause civil disorder here and discredit the United States abroad." The Scottsboro boys could testify to the complete truth of Miss West's charge. So can thousands of other Negroes, who look with contempt upon Paul Robeson, Councilman Benjamin Davis and their like.

V

The people who have been taken in by such Communist propaganda are not merely shop girls, office clerks, mechanics, busy housewives, but also men of standing in intellectual and artistic circles, among them the following: Olin Downes, music critic of the *New York Times*; Lillian Hellman, the playwright; Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild, the New York University sociologist; Professor Harlow

Shapley, the Harvard astronomer; Professor Thomas Emerson, of the Yale Law School; Dean Joseph Johnson, of the Howard University Medical School; Jo Davidson, the sculptor; Louis Untermeyer, the poet, anthologist and critic; Professor F. O. Matthiessen, of the literature department at Harvard; and Professor Philip Morrison, the atomic physicist of Cornell University. These are distinguished men, and women, all of whom have contributed something to their professions, yet in the field of national and international affairs they reveal a naïveté or stupidity or both that is frightening.

These deluded people never seem to stop to consider that, far from perfection as the United States is, there is more peace, freedom and abundance here than anywhere else on earth. It is true that American democracy brings forth Bilbos and Hardings and Tammany Halls and Boies Penroses and Frank Hagues, but it is also true that American democracy possesses the means to combat such evils *via* the ballot box, the most wonderful instrument yet invented by modern man for the healthy functioning of the state — an instrument that exists only as a mockery in the USSR and its satellite slave countries.

Some of the blame for the prevalence of so much ignorance and immaturity probably must be put at the door of American journalism, especially of the so-called liberal variety. The allegedly forward-looking newspapers and magazines, which too

many of them read, particularly in the East, have too often flirted with totalitarian ideas and thus misled thousands of innocent men and women. One need only look at the inadequate, confused and superficial coverage given to the convention of the Progressive party by the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, and the New York *Star* to realize to what a degree such journals have failed in their responsibility to their readers. The *Nation*, opposed to Wallace editorially and at times vigorously critical, nevertheless printed what it called "a sober look at the New Progressives" by Howard K. Smith. He was impressed by the "quality" of the convention of the Progressive party, and found the discussion "highly intelligent . . . speeches, like platform, had generally the ring of truth." Shades of Edwin L. Godkin!

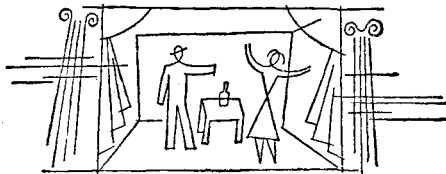
In the New York *Star* Max Lerner announced that he was "open-minded as to the merits of Henry Wallace, Norman Thomas, Harry Truman — the three candidates among whom critical liberals will have to choose." And he promised that "when the time comes to hold my own convention, and to strike a trial-balance I shall do so and add up my own reasons." He still isn't sure about Wallace and the Progressive party. Would he have any doubts if anybody else were running for President on any other ticket inspired, controlled and guided by men opposed to parliamentary democracy and pledged to betray the United States in case of a war with

the USSR, "no matter who in such a war, should be aggressor"? Is Dr. Lerner really as uninformed as some might imagine from his recent articles in the *Star* on American politics? His open-mindedness in this instance is shabby, demagogic journalism.

Something must also be said about the failure of our educational system. The Olin Downses and Lillian Hellmans and Louis Untermeyers, as well as the younger and less well known men and women of the Progressive party, apparently were not taught in public school and in college to distinguish, in politico-economic matters, between appearance and reality, between real leaders of the people and demagogues, that is, between Senator La Follette, Sr. and Henry Wallace, between Senator George W. Norris and Senator Glen Taylor. They were not taught the very real and considerable achievements of American democracy as compared to other forms of government, and, equally important, what a marvelous self-corrective system that democracy is. They were not taught to differentiate between fact and propaganda, truth and falsehood. The amount of political ignorance and susceptibility to thinly veiled totalitarian propaganda in our population that the Wallace Progressive party has revealed should jolt the American educational world, from grade school to graduate school, into an awareness of gross and persistent negligence on its part and a determination to make the necessary changes as soon as possible.

THE THEATRE

by *GEORGE JEAN NATHAN*



DAT OL' DEBBIL, NOSTALGIA

NOSTALGIA, once so warmly acceptable to readers of writings on the theatre, seems to have gone out of fashion. The current style is for the writer not only cautiously to sidestep it and loudly to deny any trace of its existence in himself but even more emphatically to decry it in others, to dismiss them as feeble-minded and in all probability with one foot already in the grave, and to proclaim blanket-wise that nothing in the older days was what it has been cracked up to be and is to be compared with the remarkable glories of the present. This is supposed to indicate several things: that the writer is an open-minded, sagacious, and independent fellow upon whom memory has been allowed to play no tricks; that he is still satisfactorily young enough to appreciate the undeniable fact that the world never fails enormously to advance and improve; and that he is sufficiently wise to realize that distance generally lends an

unwarranted enchantment to the view. What it rather indicates, I daresay, is that the writer is simply up to the dodge of hiding what he doesn't know by airily dismissing the desirability of knowing it and reassuring those of his readers whose experience is as severely limited as his own that they haven't missed what they have missed.

This is not to say, of course, that writers of a nostalgic bent are not just as often frauds. Trading in nostalgia is no better than boycotting it. It becomes a legitimate business, however, when memory is born partly of the mind and not wholly of the emotions, or at least when recollection has been percolated through a measure of critical perception. Too frequently, though, even when it is not arbitrary, it is the offspring of an emotionalism either soberly uncontrolled or the result of temporary indisposition or alcoholic liquor. Malaise has a way of turning the thoughts backward to other days, and the bottle, it need hardly be confided, induces an agreeable melancholia wherein one basks

whimsically in the moonshine of the yesterdays.

The practising, professional school of nostalgia may be illustrated by some such selection as this from a recently published book on the Edwardian period in the London theatre, *Carriages at Eleven*, by one W. Macqueen-Pope:

The great building (Covent Garden) is aglow, its gas cressets blow in the summer breeze above its high pediment, the odd little glasshouse perched on its portico is a pool of light, every window gleams, and a rich yellow flood pours out from under its covered carriage drive. One by one, in endless procession, the carriages roll up Long Acre or up Bow Street from the Strand, cockaded coachman with rug-covered knees, cockaded footman with arms folded and white buckskin legs, sitting stiffly to attention. Inside are handsome, moustached men in tails and white waistcoats; lovely ladies in their full array of trains, low necks, and silks and satins. And on their arms, their fingers, their corsages, around their necks, gleam a fortune of jewels — rubies, emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, pearls in rope and dog-collars. And on their elaborate coiffures glitter diamond tiaras, for every woman in those days was a queen and behaved accordingly. . . . Champagne popped and fizzed, pretty mouths munched sandwiches of caviar or foie gras. . . . Kisses were freely given, or stolen adventurously, vows were made, hearts beat and fluttered — and always the dance went on and laughter rang everywhere. . . . And still the waltzers revolved, or the lancers made them scream with delight as the strong young males lifted the dainty girls off their feet. Who cared for tomorrow? It would be as today, as yesterday. The world was rich, secure, and prosperous. . . . The youths went to work unjaded, for the tonic of joy kept

them alert — and there was the night to look forward to again; the girls to sleep and dream until the day failed and dusk came with the stars and the gas lamps for another round of frolic in the eighties, the nineties and the Edwardian nineteen-hundreds which seem so far away but which are so near in terms of time.

The school is compounded of equal parts half-truth and pure buncombe merchanted through a kind of travel-brochure literature. It follows closely the pattern of perfume advertisements interlarded with references to past figures and institutions. And its net effect is to induce in all but the most sentimental reader a sensation akin to having partaken of a keg of mush soaked in an apricot sauce. It isn't that its merchant is sometimes not wholly honest according to his lights, if unfortunately still in the grip of an arrested juvenility. It is simply that often what was actually a fifty-cent oil painting is peddled in a frame embellished by a thousand dollars' worth of gilt.

II

But there is, as well, another kind of nostalgic writing, based on times and things that were accurately observed and upon which is impressed the bona fide romantic memory derived from such accurate observation. Distance has been tried and not found wanting; recollection is treated to doubt and skepticism and yet survives, with all its little silver bells still tinkling. Nor is it always buoyant; sometimes it is decidedly unwelcome and disturbing,

since, while delusion may make one happy, equally beautiful truth may depress one. Nostalgia is accordingly now and then much less agreeably wistful, as most believe, than disagreeably incommodious. Far from providing an escape from the present, it doubly stresses the present. It is, in short, often as dangerous to your self-contentment and pleasure as thinking of the excellent dinner you got twenty years ago for a dollar-fifty while presently paying a ten dollar check for a considerably less satisfactory one, or, I venture, of your yesterday's girl in the presence of your venerable wife.

Revivals of drama do not much suffer from nostalgia, since drama frequently has a way of recreating itself whoever acts in it. It is the musical shows that are vassals to it; not the superior examples like *The Merry Widow* and the like, for they can stand largely on their own, but the lesser ones and the song and dance and girl shows. It is, of course, too much to say that one such of the past is impossible of entirely conciliating revival, though I haven't any statistics at hand to prove it. But it is not too much to say that the challenge is a pretty severe one. I for one, indeed, cannot think of a single such revival in many years — and that includes relatively very good ones like *Show Boat* — which has wholly succeeded in exiling the original from blissful critical memory.

Too many factors interpose themselves, realistic as well as purely sentimental. Such shows, in the first place,

are primarily for men in their younger and gayer years. As the years go on and men grow older and are less given to superficial pleasures, they are subject to a closer analytical scrutiny, which is disastrous. When one looks back on them, any such analysis is somehow remitted, since one looks back not on the shows alone but coincidentally on oneself as one was in those other days, and such remembrance has a way of confusing one's then rosier self with the shows. One saw them through still relatively shining and untroubled eyes in what was, in Kipling's phrase, a cleaner, greener world, or at least one that, compared with the world of today, seemed to be so.

Nor is the nostalgia necessarily sentimental; a lot of hard fact supports it in various directions. The shows of the years gone, in the first place, were much more attractive in physical detail. With the enormously increased expenses — something like four or five times as great — it is next to impossible to put on a revival of one of them with anything approximating its original splendor. The enforced economy takes its toll of scenery and costumes, and the result is a stage that generally looks like a poor relation of the original production. The theatres in which the revivals are housed, furthermore, miss all the air and color and style of those that housed the same shows in the yesterdays. Aside from the still remaining Ziegfeld, where is there one to match the New Amsterdam or its golden

Frolics roof, or Dillingham's Knickerbocker and Globe, or the Casino, or their like? The Shubert, Imperial, and Music Box are good enough in their way, but what of the others? The Adelphi has all the gayety and tone of a retired car-barn. The Century's interior looks like a provincial stock company house of fifty years ago. The Majestic and Forty-Sixth Street theatres, with their steep tiers of seats back of the orchestra proper, seem more appropriate to sports events than to musicals, and the Coronet, National, and Broadhurst, along with the St. James and Martin Beck, which are now and then given over to musicals, remain essentially houses for drama. One enters them in a dramatic, not a musical show mood; when musicals are in them they seem self-conscious and a bit embarrassed, like rural churches that have been turned for the nonce into summer theatres playing such things as *The Voice of the Turtle*.

It is thus that when one sees a revue in the austere surroundings of, say, the Coronet, one reflects on the intrinsic gayety of a revue theatre of yesterday like the Weber and Fields Music Hall, warm with crimson and gaudy, and with its downstairs bar where the pretty girls gathered when the show was over and where Mock Weber, Joe's brother, held forth expansively as host and raconteur. It is thus when one braves the gales that howl down dark Fifty-Ninth Street and goes to the Century that one harks back to the old Winter

Garden, its facade as brilliantly lighted as a Turkish battleship, its promenade broad enough to contain Charles Belmont Davis, Diamond Jim Brady, Toxen Worm, and Marie Dressler walking hand in hand, and its auditorium deep enough to make Gaby Deslys' voice fortunately inaudible. And it is thus when one sits in one or another of the present incongruous theatres that memory turns back to Daly's, the home of *The Geisha*, *San Toy*, and all those other softly lovely things, to the Moorish Casino and the George Lederer shows with all their gorgeous girls, and to other such houses enveloped by the feel and aspect and very fragrance of music and dance and charming femininity.

III

The girls, the girls, the girls. It is always the girls that figure most prominently in any such business of recollection. That there are not just as many attractive ones today as there were then is obviously nonsense. There are plenty of them. But they don't seem to be on the music show stage. A musical with even one pretty girl in it in these days is almost a phenomenon. What the producers seem fanatically intent upon giving us instead are female ballet dancers with legs beside which a gnarled oak looks like a young birch tree and with faces that are recognizable as faces solely on the score of a large ear on either side. And not only such ballet sights but grotesque female comics,

singers apparently chosen for their leather lungs, altitudinous show-girls with all the physical appeal of giraffes, chorus girls who mostly look like the inspiration for aspirin, and, above all, leading women who would have set Ziegfeld in his day to howling like a wounded coyote. In all the shows of the last three seasons, in fact, there have been but two or three principal girls of any perceptible looks in face and figure, and one of them scarcely assisted the picture with her talent for emitting from time to time a whistle so shrill that it shattered the eardrums. As to the chorus and show-girls, my count numbered only a handful out of hundreds who might have stacked up with all the many who tickled the vision, to specify but one of the senses, in the past.

If this strikes the present generation as rather far-fetched, let anyone who can remember back no more than twenty years compare girl with girl now and then. Or, specifically, since the recent revival of *Sally* has inspired these general remarks, let anyone try to find today girls like those at the time when this same musical show was originally produced. Here, for any such comparison, are the names of just a few on the musical stage in that 1921 period: Marilyn Miller, Adele Astaire, Louise Brown, Betty Compton, Irene Delroy, Bobby Perkins, Lily Damita, Marion Sunshine, Marion and Madeleine Fairbanks, Claire Luce, Dorothy Knapp, Constance Carpenter, Hilda Ferguson, Gladys Glad, Marion Davies, Justine

Johnstone, Edna Leedom, Anastasia Reilly, Ruby Keeler, Hannah Williams, Mary Eaton, Kathryn Ray, Beth Meakins, *et al.* Or, to go back not more than ten or twelve years, Grace McDonald, June Havoc, Carmen Molina, Marcy Wescott, Ann Miller, Evelyn Laye, June Allyson, Beryl Wallace, Prudence Hayes, Della Lind, Joyce Beasley, Marissa Flores, June Clyde, Carmen Miranda, Joan Wetmore, Patricia Morison, and at least two dozen similar blooms.

Small wonder the eyes roll backward.

And what of the music? Aside from Richard Rodgers, where today is there anyone who approaches Victor Herbert, Reginald De Koven, Franz Lehár, Emmerich Kalman, Jerome Kern, Gustav Luders, Ivan Caryll, Sidney Jones, Lionel Monckton, John Philip Sousa, Leslie Stuart, Gustave Kerker, Ludwig Englander, Paul Tietjens, Henry K. Hadley, Marion Cook, Edward German, Paul Rubens, Ed Jacobowski, Alfred Robyn, André Messager, Vincent Youmans, and boys like them? Small wonder, as well, that ears turn backward.

And where nowadays is there anything like the lush, purple, moonlit scenery of Joseph Urban, or like the old Ziegfeld numbers with all the girls sailing over your head on Spring-time swings laden with fresh flowers of the fields, or the orchestras of sixty and seventy musicians, or such whole choruses of beauties as one saw in *The Wild Rose*, *Havana* and many other such shows, or comedians

making their entrance atop elephants, or first-night audiences like those photographed on the covers of old Empire Theatre programs dressed to the hilt and magnificently devoid of moving picture scouts and similar contemporary vermin? Or the neighboring bars with their entr'acte huge goblets of champagne, or the toasts of the town like Lillian Russell, Edna May, Lotta Faust, Helen Hale, and suchlike, or the stage doors choked with florist messengers, or the great, gala road theatres like Philadelphia's Broad and old Forrest, Pittsburgh's Nixon and Cleveland's Euclid Avenue, or the dazzling openings that turned Atlantic City's Apollo into Manhattan on holiday, or stages with Sousa's whole brass band booming down the final curtain?

Sentimental, my eye! Facts, gentlemen, facts! And if facts are sentimental, make the most of it.

IV

To revert to the girls, what seems to have happened in these later years is that most of the pictorial ones have either deserted the musical for the dramatic stage or have chosen the latter in the first place. Their ample number in that quarter only attests to what I have said before: that there are quite as many of the attractive species at present as there were in the past, even if the stages on which they display themselves are different. Compare those two stages in the last half dozen or so years. In all the eighteen musicals of the 1941-1942 season, the

only six fair girls were the before mentioned June Allyson, Joyce Matthews, Helena Bliss, Jane Ball, Sunnie O'Dea, and Vera-Ellen. But in that same season, the dramatic stage disclosed all kinds of such blossoms as Evelyn Wyckoff, Virginia Peine, Heather Angel, Grace McDonald, Margaret Callahan, Gertrude Flynn, Louise Stanley, Betsy Blair, Fay Wray, Eleanor Phelps, Betty Furness, Lillian Bond, Elizabeth Inglis, Jessica Tandy, Helen Craig, K. T. Stevens, Elaine Shepard, Eleanor Lynn, Frances Heflin, Jayne Cotter, Joan Newton, Judy Parrish, Ruth Gilbert, and Elizabeth Eustis. As well as, among others, Irene Winston, Julie Stevens, Mary Barthelmess, Phyllis Avery, Florence Sundstrom, Haila Stoddard, Helen Walker, Mary Anderson, Sally Bates, Virginia Lederer, Gertrude Musgrove, Lauren Bacall, Olive Deering, Toni Gilman, Constance Dowling, and Lesley Woods.

In the following season, 1942-1943, the twenty-two musicals purveyed only seven new girls of any prehensile quality: Marjorie Knapp, Nanette Fabray, Carol Bruce, Mary Healy, Patricia Marshall, Frances Mercer, and Ilona Massey. But the dramatic stage overflowed with a cargo consisting of — to name only the more outstanding — Cecilia Callejo, June Hayford, Gwen Anderson, Gertrude Beach, Wendy Barrie, Marcella Markham, Joan Tetzl, Barbara Bel Geddes, Edna Best, Katharine Hepburn, Julie Haydon. Elizabeth Scott,

Nancy Kelly, Florence Rice, Helen Trenholme, Elizabeth Fraser, Arleen Whelan, Adele Longmire, Madge Evans, Tutta Rolf, Jane Sterling, Joan Caulfield, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Phyllis Hill, and Jean Bellows.

If you are not too bored, read on. In the 1943-1944 season, there were twenty-five musicals and all that they freshly disclosed were Milada Mladova, Mary Roche, Althea Elder, Eva Reyes, Geraldine Stroock, and Vera Zorina. The dramatic stage, on the other hand, was full of girls like Virginia Gilmore, Irene Worth, Jane Huszagh, Phyllis Adams, Luciel Richards, Betty Field, Jayne Cotter, Patty Pope, Terry Holmes, Lois Wheeler, Beatrice Pearson, Gloria Hallward, Susana Garnett, Sonya Stokowski, Dolly Haas, Wini Johnson, Janet Tyler, Lois Hall, Gloria Willis, Annabella, Marguerete Lewis, Jean Gillespie, Agnes Doyle, and Joan Wetmore. The next season, 1944-1945, had twenty musicals and provided in the attractive department only these eight new girls: Lillian Andersen, Gloria Story, Dolores Grey, Nan Wynn, Carole Landis, Elaine Barry, Jan Clayton, and Sheila Guys, a fairly good record. But glance at the dramatic stage in that same period and consider a quorum of such as Mary Sargent, Joann Dolan, Yolande Donlan, Michael Mauree, Hilda Simms, Elaine Ellis, Marguerite Clifton, Bethel Leslie, Patricia Kirkland, Irene Hervey, Helen Marcy, Joan Chandler, Mary Orr, Jane

Wyatt, Marjorie Lord, Anne Jackson, Elaine Carter, Toni Eden, Phyllis Brooks, *et al.*

Now that we have gone this far, let's not stop. In the 1945-1946 season, the sixteen musicals contained just two new girls worth the connoisseur eye: Clarissa (a specialty dancer) and the colored Ruby Hill. The dramatic stage, however, busied that eye with a lot like Bonnie Nolan, Marianne Stewart, Margaret Hayes, Gloria Stroock, Adrienne Ames, Pamela Rivers, Frances Dee, Jane White, Jacqueline Dalya, Madeleine Le Beau, Frances Reid, Otilie Kruger, June Knight, Susan Douglas, Mardi Bryant, Margaret Leighton, and so on.

Though this is getting as tiresome to me as it undoubtedly is to you, now that we have begun it we will nevertheless finish it. The 1946-1947 season offered sixteen shows and, with them, these likelier lookers, five in number: Leonora Corbett, Leila Ernst, Anne Jeffreys, Gloria Hamilton, and Marion Bell. The dramatic theatre on the other hand came forth with a rich supply including, among others: Gloria Humphreys, Pat McClarney, Penelope Ward (one of the most beautiful creatures the stage has uncovered in years), Jean Parker, Jane Middleton, Julie Harris, Andree Wallace, Marta Linden, Lorraine Miller, Mary Alice Moore, Ingrid Bergman, Patricia Neal, June Dayton, Joyce Heron, Temple Texas, Nina Foch, Dortha Duckworth, Betty Caulfield, etc. And the 1947-48 season, estimating it to run from June

first to June first, presented sixteen musicals and in all of them only these relatively exceptional feminine items: Glen Alyn, Kyle MacDonnell, and Mary Alice Bingham, along with an unidentifiable chorus girl in *Make Mine Manhattan*, not one of whom,

except possibly the Bingham girl, was to be compared, on the dramatic stage, with Meg Mundy, June Lockhart, Tilly Losch, Marsha Hunt, Faye Emerson, René Ray, Neva Patterson, Ann Pearce, and Jocelyn Brando, among others.

AUTUMN SONG

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

October, half sober,
Wild gypsy, half tipsy,
You rush through our valleys
With gold in your hair.
Your raiment is crimson,
And yellow like sunlight.
Your eyes shine like jewels
In smoke-shrouded air.
October, half sober,
Half gypsy, half tipsy,
We love you half sombre
Half radiantly fair.

THE RADIO GIVE-AWAYS

BY ED JAMES

EARLY last summer it became known to the astounded tenants of Knickerbocker Village, a modest-income housing project in lower Manhattan, that the Milton Farbers, residents of a three-room apartment on the fifth floor, were planning a luxury cruise to South America. Mr. Farber was a hack driver.

Not only were the Farbers booked for a holiday at elegant Latin ports of call but also, before leaving, they took delivery of a \$2500 television set, an automobile, a trailer coach, two suites of bedroom furniture, \$500 worth of luggage, a diamond ring, \$600 worth of hats for Mrs. Farber, a fur coat, an expensive grandfather's clock, a food freezer, a clothes dryer, a complete home workshop for Mr. Farber, and, as prudent measure against a less lavish day, a \$1000 U. S. savings bond.

A few weeks later Mrs. Bessie Lawrence, a 65-year-old grandmother, and her husband, equally elderly and unemployed, debouched from their cramped rooms above a candy store in Shenandoah, Iowa, for a vacation in Hollywood. They went by air. Upon arrival they collected a \$5000 mink coat for Mrs. Lawrence, a new Kaiser

sedan and a house trailer. They also picked up, while in the holiday mood, a couple of diamond wrist watches and several other baubles worth a few thousand dollars. They played the horses at Hollywood Park and reveled at night clubs from which only the totally abstemious may escape with a two-figure check.

At about the same time Mrs. S. K. Heard, a 40-year-old widow of Shreveport, whose income was a modest office worker's wage, laid up a \$2000 diamond ring, a vacation *via* air to Mackinac Island, a \$1000 set of matched luggage, a Persian lamb coat, an elaborate sterling coffee service, a wardrobe worth \$1000, a diamond-studded watch, a new Hudson sedan, a trailer coach, a complete kitchen and a \$1000 savings bond.

The Farbers, the Lawrences and Mrs. Heard were not successful larcenists, heirs of the solvent dead, or discoverers of a merchandisable elixir of youth. They, among uncounted others, gained their sudden riches the new and easier way. They were struck by the glittering lightning of radio give-away shows. There is no comparison in any other time or in any

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other business to the shower of cash and prizes poured out in the summer of 1948 by the radio. According to the most frugal estimate, more than a million dollars worth of booty was flung to eager listeners by the four national networks alone. Add to that the largesse distributed in varying quantity by individual stations among the 1800 in the United States, and you have a wild figure defying calculation. The old Bank Night at the local movie house wouldn't arouse an itch in the meanest palm these days.

The radio industry has never been above the mild chicanery of casting out negotiable bait to lure audiences — a thousand dollars here, an electric refrigerator there; a mink coat for the literate listener who had the vocabulary to complete, in 25 words or less, the sentence beginning "I love Sudsy-Wudsies because. . . ." It was not until last summer, however, that prizes universally came in carload lots, such as this typical windfall: A Long Island housewife won a De Soto sedan, a trailer, a trip to Bermuda for two, a silver fox coat, furnishings for a living room and kitchen, a piano, a radio and television set, an outdoor playground including a wading pool, a refrigerator, a movie camera and projector, a \$1000 watch, a diamond ring, seven suits, a topcoat, an overcoat, an automatic washing machine, 52 shirts, a portrait of herself to be painted by a well-known illustrator, a sailboat and a motorcycle, the last a vehicle for which presumably she would have little immediate use since

she was an expectant mother at the time.

By mid-summer the four national networks were carrying a total of 48 give-away programs, ranging in their munificences from a few hundred dollars to \$20,000 in cash and merchandise. During a single representative week approximately \$130,000 worth of bounty was offered, and most of it was won.

II

It was inevitable that such riotous philanthropy would attract wide attention. And it did, even in quarters which broadcasters might have hoped would remain ignorant of the phenomenon. By the time the give-aways were averaging \$130,000 a week the Federal Communications Commission, which seldom concerns itself with radio programs in exercising its mild police power over broadcasting stations, began wondering whether such shows violated the anti-lottery provisions of the U. S. Communications Act. Finally the FCC announced it was contemplating the adoption of a rule that would eliminate any give-away program that made lot or chance a condition of winning.

The FCC's proposed rule, which has little chance of becoming effective until mid-winter at the earliest, will make happy work for lawyers. The decision as to what constitutes lot or chance in many instances involves dialectics of hair-line precision, understood only by the most advanced legal mind. Even after such time as the

commission decides to invoke the rule, months will go by before every major money show has been tested, rejected or passed. Meanwhile money and merchandise are being flung to eager hands at the rate of \$130,000 a week.

It was not always that the Golden Fleece dangled for the plucking from every position on the radio dial. A scant three years ago a National Broadcasting Company program called *Truth or Consequences* was projected into front-page news when it dared to heap upon a flustered customer a truckload of prizes worth \$13,000, a figure considered pretentious in those times. It must be recorded, with mixed emotions, that Ralph Edwards, the master of ceremonies on that program, was the inventor of the big jackpot on the radio.

Truth or Consequences, which until Edwards was seized with cornucopian vision had confined its rewards to modest sums like thousand-dollar bills, was distinguished chiefly for the implausible antics it induced members of its audiences to perform. The "consequences" to which Edwards assigned participants who failed to answer his questions might well have been originated by Caligula. One willing victim was cast away on a traffic island in a busy Los Angeles thoroughfare for several days. Another was dispatched to Alaska on a frigid and not spectacularly successful search for gold.

Edwards' first big prize was offered for the identification of "Mr. Hush,"

whose distorted voice was heard on each program reciting a jingle which contained biographical clues. After interminable weeks of wrong guesses, a Naval ensign properly identified "Mr. Hush" as Jack Dempsey. In the course of the contest so much public admiration for it arose that Edwards was encouraged to undertake others like it. To date he has conducted four, involving, successively, "Mrs. Hush," who turned out to be Clara Bow; "Miss Hush," Martha Graham, the dancer; and "The Walking Man," Jack Benny. The prizes grew with each contest. Mrs. Florence Hubbard, of Chicago, who identified "The Walking Man," was given loot worth \$23,000.

As its philanthropies became more monstrous, *Truth or Consequences* enjoyed a sudden spurt in popularity. Although its Hooperating had always been respectable, it soared into the first rank when its major contests were in progress. Plainly, other networks apprehensively realized, something had to be done. Their solution was not unpredictable. They adopted give-away shows of their own which varied from Edwards' only to the degree suggested by legal counsel.

The first rival network to announce a weekly give-away in the five-figure bracket was the American Broadcasting Company. For years ABC had been toying, without success, with programs which it fervently wished might break the iron clutch held on the Sunday evening radio audience by NBC's illustrious lineup: Edgar

Bergen, Jack Benny and Fred Allen. ABC hoped that *Stop the Music*, a give-away in the grand style, might turn the trick.

Stop the Music offered prizes up to \$20,000 to the lucky listener who, telephoned at home during the program, was able to identify a "mystery tune," a composition usually obscure enough to mystify musicians. Within a few weeks *Stop the Music* exceeded ABC's most optimistic hopes. Listeners began deserting other networks in droves in the improbable but compelling expectation of having a sudden fortune fall on their heads. The opposing program which suffered most was Fred Allen's.

Allen's durable wit had kept him for more than a decade among the favorite performers on the air. Not for months, until the debut of *Stop the Music*, had he been below the first fifteen programs in the Hooperatings. On May 23 he suddenly collapsed to thirty-sixth place. On June 20, his last broadcast before he retired for the summer, he was a disgraceful thirty-eighth. *Stop the Music* had simultaneously advanced to second place in the Hooperatings.

When advised that swarms of his theretofore devoted listeners had abandoned him to seek their fortune on *Stop the Music*, Allen sharpened his already edged tongue. "The person who regularly tunes in the give-away show has larceny in his heart," Allen said darkly. How else would you explain the eagerness of some listeners to compete for prizes for which

they had absolutely no use? "An old lady, 75, who gets dizzy wearing high heels, wins an airplane," said Allen. "A man who becomes seasick at the sight of the white caps on two Good Humor men wins a four-week cruise to South America."

Allen forecast a dismal future if radio programming continued to lean heavily upon prizes. "The millions of listeners who seek entertainment will eventually flee the give-away programs and radio and turn to television, the theatre and leapfrog," he said. "If the give-away programs prevail, radio's few remaining listeners will get into the spirit of the thing and give away their radios." Having unburdened himself, Allen withdrew to a secret retreat in northern Maine beyond the reach of telephonic communication, perhaps in terror of the dreadful possibility that the master of ceremonies of *Stop the Music* might call to ask him the name of the mystery tune.

The chances of Allen's or any other individual's being telephoned by a give-away show are, to be charitable, slight. There are some 36 million telephones operating in the United States. Since the total number of calls placed in a week by radio's philanthropists cannot exceed two dozen, it is obvious that the odds against any subscriber's receiving such a recognition are approximately 1,500,000 to one. Yet no matter how adept at figures members of the radio audience may be, they seem to lose their arithmetical faculties when thinking of give-away

odds. An affluent commuter recently confided to a friend, while riding to work in the club car one morning, that there was a certain quiz program he never missed. "Why, they call people on the telephone and give them fantastic prizes," he said enthusiastically. "You can win practically anything — automobiles, refrigerators."

Clearly he believed himself a likely prospect for a gift-laden telephone call, a conviction not easy to explain in view of his education. The commuter was treasurer of a large insurance company and had made a career of understanding the perplexing laws of mathematical probabilities.

The insurance company executive who accepted odds on the radio that in any other connection he would dismiss as absurd, and who conscientiously tuned to a give-away program in the hope of winning an automobile, although he owned two, or an electric refrigerator, although his house already bristled with appliances, was not a lonely and addled representative of his class in the give-away audience. The profusion of prizes on the air is enough to titillate even the rich. If the rich are titillated, the less well-provided are obviously transfixed.

III

The devotion of listeners to quiz or contest programs was clearly shown in Hooperatings through the early summer, when not fewer than four give-aways landed in the select company of the fifteen most popular programs. Seldom, until last summer, had even

one give-away made the coveted first fifteen.

Among the four exalted shows was *Take It or Leave It*, on NBC, the program that enriched the language forever with the phrase, *\$64 question*. *Take It or Leave It*, however, had been refurbished according to the fashion of the times. Although retaining its basic \$64 question, it had added a jackpot which elevated it well above the paltry two-figure class.

Although only four of the quizzes reached the Hooper first fifteen, the others attracted audiences large enough, in the opinion of sponsors and broadcasters, to justify their not inconsiderable expense. Indeed, no radio day was complete without its charity.

Fourteen of the programs were broadcast Monday through Friday every week. Seventeen were weekly give-aways on Saturdays and nine others were once-a-week shows sprinkled through the week-days. For that diminishing band of strong-minded listeners whose tastes archaically ran to entertainment, the Sabbath offered the best chance of dodging the persistent clank of coin. Only eight give-aways were broadcast Sundays, leaving some room on the air for old-fashioned programs of music, drama and variety.

Of all the give-aways, the most heavily endowed were:

American Broadcasting Company — Stop the Music, worth more than \$15,000 each week; *Go for the House*, whose prize was a house and lot and other knickknacks; *What's My Name?*,

averaging \$2500; and *Break the Bank*, offering about the same.

Columbia Broadcasting System—*Sing It Again*, worth \$12,000 and up; *Hit the Jackpot*, ranging from \$15,000 to \$20,000; and *Winner Take All*, which gives away a steady \$5000 worth of merchandise in its five shows each week.

Mutual Broadcasting System—*Queen for a Day*, worth \$20,000 in merchandise per week; *Heart's Desire*, \$5000; *Take a Number*, averaging \$2500 a week; and *Three for the Money*, which offers a minimum of \$5500.

National Broadcasting Company—*Double or Nothing*, about \$2000 a week; *Dr. I.Q.*, \$2300; and *So You Want to Lead a Band*, which offers up to \$12,000.

Truth or Consequences, the program that started it all, was off the air for a summer vacation. Its master of ceremonies, however, was reported to be devoting his leisure to the manufacture of a new and greater contest show to be introduced in the fall.

An overwhelming majority of the 48 give-aways confine their donations to participants selected from the studio audiences. Listeners to these programs stand no chance whatever of winning anything save broken eardrums from hearing the customarily excited announcer's voice. Apparently the vicarious experience of merely listening to the delighted squeals of others as they cart away loot is satisfying, for many of these shows are extremely popular.

The outstanding shows which do let listeners in on the game are *Stop the Music*, *Go for the House*, *What's My Name?*, *Sing It Again*, *Three for the Money* and, at such times as its major contests have been on, *Truth or Consequences*.

All these save two select telephone numbers at random and place calls until respondents are found who are listening to the programs and interested in joining in the generous fun. The two exceptions are *Go for the House*, which picks names from city directories and mentions them on the air after which those named may telegraph the program their answers, and *What's My Name?* On the latter, if a question is missed by studio participants, listeners are invited to telephone ABC with their answers. This sort of thing carried on nationally could, of course, hopelessly snarl the American telephone system. As a precaution against that, only those listeners residing within the area of one of the 163 stations carrying the program are eligible to call. Each week a different station is selected, and it alerts its listeners to the gold rush.

The winning of one of these quizzes does not necessarily depend upon the possession of vast intellectual resources. It is doubtful that, as a contestant on such a show, John Kieran would enjoy particular advantage over your neighborhood bootblack. Success hinges mostly upon knowing a fragment of incidental and usually trivial information or upon nimbleness at tracking such down. It is the

practice of some of the more avid devotees to bone up on answers before the program, a matter of research that is entirely possible since on some shows the same jackpot question is repeatedly asked from week to week until someone who knows the answer is found.

Mary Farber, the Manhattan cabbie's wife who won the South American cruise and more than \$17,000 worth of other prizes, was one of those who providentially studied up on a question and then, by remarkable luck, was telephoned. She had consulted a musician friend before she was telephoned by *Stop the Music*, and was instantly ready to identify the "mystery tune" as an obscure ditty called *Get Out of the Wilderness*.

It is possible to go to even greater lengths to win a prize. The Long Island housewife who was presented with a useless motorcycle and more than \$16,000 worth of other gifts, decoded a "secret sentence" on the CBS program, *Hit the Jackpot*, after hearing it on the air. She then managed the difficult project of obtaining a ticket to the next performance, getting chosen out of hundreds in the studio audience as a contestant, and surviving four preliminary questions before the "secret sentence" was asked. Her feat was all the more remarkable because she answered two of the preliminary questions incorrectly. She proceeded to the jackpot question, however, since one of the intricacies of *Hit the Jackpot* is a provision that a participant is not counted out

no matter how wrongly he answers a question unless another participant challenges his reply. In the housewife's case, her rivals were no better informed than she was.

IV

The rash of give-aways now burdening the air has been deplored by critics other than the Federal Communications Commission. Although only the FCC, of course, has the power to do anything about money shows, other organizations and individuals within the radio industry have often clamored against them. Comedians have sometimes turned to satire.

The veteran radio comics, Goodman and Jane Ace, who were on the air years before the quiz show had been originated, and who will doubtlessly be on after the quiz has gone, constructed an outlandish give-away of their own on their *mr. ace and JANE* program on CBS. Jane, who plays a character of almost impossible witlessness, had found the answers to the imaginary quiz and had built up winnings totaling \$300,000. The program was on the brink of bankruptcy when Goodman flung at her a question for which she was unrehearsed. He broke her winning streak by asking, "What's your name?"

Several independent radio stations, in a defensive gambit, have undertaken programs which outrageously spoof the giant give-aways on the networks. WNEW, a brash New York station, started one called *You Can Lose Your Shirt*, which reverses the

usual procedures. Contestants on WNEW must be loaded with \$100 of their own. If they fail to answer questions properly, they lose their roll to charity.

The trade press which circulates within the radio business has unanimously criticised the jackpots. *Variety*, the showman's journal, recently took dismal note of the numerous give-aways and listed some of their generosity. "On Bride and Groom," said *Variety*, "they give away everything but the details of the honeymoon."

Criticism has also come from more weighty sources. The National Association of Broadcasters, to which all national networks and a majority of the stations in the country subscribe, adopted last May a set of Standards of Practice which dealt what ought to have been a telling blow to most give-aways. One section of the standards reads: "Any broadcasting designed to 'buy' the radio audience by requiring it to listen in hope of reward, rather than for the quality of its entertainment should be avoided."

Many broadcasters, particularly those who are airing give-aways, regard that section as subject to broad interpretation. It is a nice point in esthetics to determine when entertainment ceases and audience-buying begins. Is not the clank of coin itself entertaining? The give-aways may spend themselves before the question of their appeal is finally settled in the courts.

Radio program experts consider it

probable that with the return of favorite programs after the summer vacation some quizzes will be replaced by features concerning whose entertainment values there is less debate. Summer programming historically is lean, running to innocuous fare that stands little chance of success in the more competitive climate of fall-through-spring schedules. Some experts believe that eventually the audience will lose interest in the give-aways. The great majority of listeners, never telephoned and never showered with gifts, will in time abandon hope of winning.

Recently an incident occurred to unsettle the certainties of even those programming executives who believe in the virtue of give-aways. A day after Jack L. Adams, a telephone company employee in Huntington, West Virginia, had won \$7300 cash when telephoned by Mutual's *Three for the Money* he put through a harried call to the network's New York headquarters. Life had suddenly become miserable in the 24 hours since his windfall, Adams complained.

"Keep the money," he told an executive. "I've been plagued with people trying to sell me stuff ever since I won."

It was only after the producers of the program dispatched a trusted courier of winning ways to West Virginia to importune the resisting winner that Adams accepted the cash, and the heavy burdens that went with it.

THE DEVIL CAN'T LOOK BACK

A STORY

BY JOHN CRAIG STEWART

OLD Malcolm Fawlks sat uneasily in the rickety wicker chair before the low burning fire. Now and then he wiped his hands on his gray wool trousers and spread them to warm before the blaze. The wrinkled, sagging flesh of his face was half covered with a grayish-brown stubble of beard. The corners of his mouth twitched and when they did he would draw his bony hand across his mouth as if to still some restless terror coming to life inside him. He leaned forward jerkily and spat into the fire and then straightened up in the chair, holding tight to the dirt-smeared arms. But his faded blue eyes were steady. They stared at the flickering blaze without shifting. They did not have the pleasant look of day-dreams in them; they burned with the restless fever of a last hour, and behind them was the jumble of ten thousand ancient and unwelcome memories.

The winter night was quiet. There was not another house within two miles of old Fawlks' place and he never heard even the bark of a dog that night. It was only when a sudden,

sighing shift of the still cold air rattled the loose window panes that he knew the past was gone and that he was sitting alone in the present.

The old house had been there on the hill for over a hundred years and it sagged wearily and hopelessly upon wind-worn and shaky foundations. The four broad stack chimneys seemed the only part of it which held out bravely against both the time and neglect.

It was not easy to bear, his being alone on this barren hill farm without a neighbor to help him bury his dead wife. When Abbie was alive he had never wanted his neighbors even speaking to him, he never wanted anything from them when she was alive. Even after all the children were gone he never worried about things so long as Abbie was there. They managed to get along for all those years. He sold his moonshine in the next county where people did not know him. He plowed the red hill land once a year and made a small crop of cotton and corn. Abbie seemed to keep things going when he

JOHN CRAIG STEWART is a student of Hudson Strode at the University of Alabama. He is under contract to Dodd, Mead to write a novel. This is his third published story.

was broke and drunk for a month at a time.

But Abbie was dead now. She had died that same afternoon in that same room. He had not thought she was going to die. He had sat there watching her with a scowl on his face. A woman ought not to get sick and mess up a man's life. Then she had opened her eyes and looked at him with a cold, terrible stare. She had shuddered as if a fit were on her, closed her eyes tight and turned her head away from him. When he got over to the bedside, she was dead. That was the way it was; Abbie had turned her face away from him and died.

Old Fawls had not stopped to think what his life would be like without Abbie. He had hitched his scrawny horse to the wagon and driven into Danby, ten miles up the road, for a wooden coffin. He had done that right away because he thought it would be easier to go ahead and bury her and get it over with. The sun was down when he returned so he did not bury her that night. He laid her body just as it was in the coffin out in the cold hallway. But every time the thought of Abbie dying like that came back to him, it was like a sudden cold gust of wind against a naked body, and he would shift jerkily in his chair.

II

He got up and stood before the fire. He stared at the hall door for a long time. She's out there now; I wish I'd gone ahead and buried her. He cleared

his throat with a guttural rasp and turned around to look at the fire. It needed another log, but there was not another log in the room and he did not want to go outside for one. He was not afraid, but he did not want to open the door into the hall.

He kicked the charred logs; sparks flew out and the blaze flared up with crackling brightness, lighting an amber wavering semicircle about the hearth. The heavy walnut bed loomed black from the far side of the room.

The old bed, big and heavy. I'se just a little boy when I first slept in that bed. It was the night Mama and me came to live here on the hill. Papa in prison. That was when everything changed. People wouldn't speak on the streets; they said "Ol' Josiah stole the whole year's offering from the church." He was a steward in the church; the people never forgave him. Papa claimed he just borrowed it, said he was gonna replace it when the cotton was picked. But the jury found him guilty. The two policemen looked sheepish when he swore at them. He drew himself up real proud when they marched him off from the old house in Leighton. The big white house full of warm rooms and laughter. That was long ago. People changed. Mama wouldn't stay in Leighton, she took me and came back here to her old girlhood home. Mama came back home.

Old Malcolm got up, took the oil lamp in his hand and went over to the big wardrobe in the corner. He took out a quart jar of light-colored whis-

ky and a glass. He poured it half full and sat down again in the wicker chair. He set the jar on the floor beside him and held the glass of clear liquor up between his eyes and the fire and watched it. He saw his hand was trembling, and he took a large, quick gulp of the whisky.

"Damn 'em, damn 'em all to Hell," he muttered and spat viciously into the fire. By God, I never had to ask anybody for anything, he thought. I've been independent; I ain't had much but I never asked anybody for anything. I've lived my life like I saw fit and I've been the master here on this hill; nobody ever got it away from me. Nobody ever told me what to do. I've been the master and I've raised nine children. They hated me, I know; I was hard on 'em, but I raised 'em right. I made 'em work, but I gave 'em a home and all I had. Then they left me, by God, every one of 'em left me; the ones that didn't die left me. I don't even know where a one of 'em is. Abbie was the only person to stay with me. She stayed with me 'til today, but she's gone now.

He leaned back and moved his eyes slowly about the room. He held his gaze on a spot where Abbie should be sitting sewing or bending over an ironing board or just looking out the window at the land and the encircling woods. Yeah, he thought, Abbie was a good woman. She stayed with me through good and bad times. I mighta been a little hard on her sometimes. But, Hell, how else you gonna

handle a woman? I've seen these hen-pecked husbands in the city going around with their eyes on the ground. By God, you gotta keep a woman in hand and that's how I handled Abbie.

Malcolm Fawlks squirmed in his chair. It was twenty-five years ago now and he could hear her screams that night. It was a dark night, about like this. He came home drunk, so drunk he stumbled on the front steps. Abbie heard him coming because she was standing up in the room waiting when he opened the door and lurched in. The baby, Virginia, was six months old and she was asleep in her crib by the big bed. He staggered over and picked her up. He could remember her small sleepy head falling over on her chest as he lifted her. And then Abbie was at his side clawing at him, telling him he couldn't. She had done a lot of praying in their life together but she had never told him before he could not do anything. He pushed her aside but she came back trying to tear the baby out of his hands. He remembered the hot anger exploding inside him. He remembered dropping the baby roughly back in the crib and striking out at Abbie. The broad palm of his hand struck squarely across the side of her face. Abbie put her hands up over her face and backed away screaming like she did that night her first child was born. He staggered after her and struck her again and she sank to the floor; her screams descended to choking sobs. She was still there on the floor crying

when he fell into the bed in a drunken sleep. The sound of her sobs mingled with the cries of the frightened baby in the crib.

Abbie never said anything to him about that. It was just like when all the other hard things happened; Abbie just kept on doing her work. She believed that whatever happened was God's will and she made the best of it. Her family always was mighty strong for church doings and such.

III

A low groan forced itself out of old Fawls' chest. He got up and stood near the fire. The small flame of the lamp did not give much light and the fire was the only real brightness in all the dark night. He placed his hands on the mantelpiece and leaned over, his head down between his outstretched arms. He could feel the heat from the fire on his face. He stood there, his eyes staring into the glowing red logs thinking it was time for another drink, when he remembered Roy.

It was Roy who wanted to go to school so bad. And Abbie wanted him to go too; she wanted all the children to go. I finally let Roy start when he was eight. Then one afternoon I came into the room where Abbie and Roy were talking. Roy shut up quick when he saw me.

"What you saying, Roy?"

"Nothing, Papa."

"I asked you what you're saying, Roy?" I can remember Roy standing there, his eyes wide and terrified, his whole body shaking.

"The boys at school, Papa — they — they tole me you was no good."

I just stood there. "And what else did they say, Roy?" Roy looked at the floor and twisted around.

"They said Grandpa Fawls was — was — a — thief." Abbie looked away; she must have known what was coming.

"Damn you, woman. Didn't I tell you? You and your high-flying ideas about school. The place for our children is here, here on this farm. You're just a hill woman, you got no pride. By God, how long does a man have to take these damn insults?"

"Get your coat, Roy, get it on." Roy backed off and fumbled with his coat, a little brown coat; his mother helped him find the sleeves. "You go back — you find the boy who said that and beat him, beat him half to death if you have to use a stick."

Roy was scared of me. His lips quivered and he began to cry.

"But they all said it, Papa."

"Well, find the one who started it — you know who he is, and beat him. If you don't, I'll whale the life out of you. I'll — damn you, I'll kill you."

He could remember Roy scampering out the front door, sobbing as he ran across the fields. He remembered watching his small figure disappear behind the corner of the woods where the road crossed his place. That was the last time any of the children ever entered a school.

The truant officer had come out to tell Malcolm Fawls about the school attendance law. He was a fat, prim

man. Malcolm listened to him for a while, then he went and got his rifle.

"There's a 'No Trespassing' sign on this place," he said; "if you ever come back here again I'll kill you."

No one came after that to bother him. He had expected the sheriff for a while, but he never came either. No, no one hardly ever came out here at all, he thought. I guess Abbie was a pretty lonesome woman. Maybe I shoulda let her go to church all those years like she wanted to. But anyway, she stayed on with me — 'til today.

Old Fawls straightened up in front of the mantelpiece. He sat down in the chair and poured himself another drink. The fire was getting low; he drew the chair up closer to the hearth. He could feel the chill air of the room now. He gulped the liquor and cleared his throat. The sound of it was startling in the quiet room. The liquor burned hot in his stomach.

— But she stayed on with me, he thought again. Even when all the children had gone, she stayed on.

Now he moved the chair to the side, he leaned forward, he searched the dark corners of the room with intense eyes. His bony Adam's apple moved up and down in a jerky spasm. "Why," he asked, "why did she stay with me?" He stiffened in his chair. The memory of a voice like echoes in the almost empty room: "These things are God's will, Malcolm, God's will." He felt the blood rush to his face and he jumped up from the chair.

"That's not true," he said in a shaky voice. "You damned ol' fool."

He swaggered before the mantelpiece, lifting the drink up and leering at it through half-closed eyes. He drained the glass, sat down and poured some more whisky. The sweat was standing out on his forehead.

But she *did* stay with me — the children left — one by one they grew up and left. They slipped away one by one. Roy left first. He ran away from the field one afternoon when he was chopping cotton. Jim, he was the mean one, the one I had to beat because he wouldn't work, but he never did really work. He had mean eyes, that boy. It was good riddance when he left, 'cept he took my horse with him. He was fifteen years old when he stole my horse and ran away. That was a long time ago. Wonder what ever happened to that boy? I never did break him. Nobody'll ever get a bit in his teeth.

Virginia was the last one — Virginia was my baby girl. Yes, by God, she was my pretty baby girl. She used to love me. I'd bounce her on my knee, she'd squeal and holler and shake her yellow curls — Maybe I shoulda let her go to school like she wanted to and like Abbie begged me to — maybe she'd been one to stay at home if I had — She stayed 'til she was 'bout sixteen, then she left —

I hunted all over Danby that night but I didn't find her — I came home — and there was just Abbie and me — Abbie looked like she was going to cry — but she just sat — just sat there — The place was mighty quiet — just Abbie and me —

IV

Old Fawlks pressed the palm of his left hand against his forehead, the finger tips dug into his temples, and he drew the tight clasped hand down over the loose flesh of his cheeks.

— But Virginia — she was a pretty thing, last time I saw her about two years after that — she looked prettier than I'd ever seen her — like a woman — her hair was long and shiny — the color of corn silk — skin was white —

It was in Memphis — I was sitting on the soft red sofa watching the heavy velvet curtains — and waiting — Maxine musta kept them pulled across the door to make the place look mysterious — I heard 'em coming — I heard Maxine's voice — then her large bare arm reached in and drew the curtain back — “Come on in, Honey,” Maxine said — and Virginia stepped into the room. She stood there, like a little frightened child — but she was pretty — Lord, she was pretty — I was going to kill her right then — I was going to kill her but I waited too long. I got up and took a step toward her — then I couldn't go any farther. I don't know why — maybe because I loved her — maybe because I was glad to see her at last. I tried to speak — I wanted to ask her to come back home, but she screamed and ran out of the room. I heard the sliding doors move behind the curtains — I ran — but I heard the lock click before I got there — when I got the doors open I went all through the house — she was gone —

“She's not coming back,” Maxine said. She looked tired and scared. She was right — I never did find Virginia —

Old Fawlks stood up again. He could feel the liquor hot in his stomach. The fire was burned down to red embers but he did not care. His whole body was hot, and there were so many things he did not want to think about.

He squeezed the glass tight in his hand and peered across the dim room to the window. He walked over to it and looked out. Everything was black outside; not one star shone through the thick overcast. He tilted his grizzled head up toward the sky. He had seen Abbie do it a thousand times. He looked long before he spoke. His body swayed slightly.

“Dear Heavenly Father,” he said and then paused. A great emptiness of dark silence answered him. He stood there for a moment with his head tilted up like that waiting, then he turned his back on the window. “What the Hell's the Lord got to do with it?” he said and lurched back across the room and slumped down in the chair.

“Fire needs wood —” he said and turned his head around and faced the familiar rocking chair across the room. Abbie was out in the hall, dead. He looked at the door again. He could hardly see it as distinct from the dim wall. He looked back at the red embers dying slowly in their gray bed of ashes.

He put his elbow on the arm of the

chair and rested his chin in the palm of his hand. He seemed like an old man about to doze off to sleep, but he was thinking about Abbie again.

She was sure a pretty girl — just seventeen — when I brought her out here as my bride. We were alone then — Mama was long dead — the farm was mine. She was just a girl —

Abbie had been frightened, and he could remember back over all those years how she trembled when he touched her. But he knew how a man was supposed to take a woman and that was how he took Abbie that first night. For a moment he almost remembered it with pleasure. Abbie had been a pretty girl. Then he recalled the look on her face that night, he had seen her face plainly in the bright firelight, that night so long ago. It came back to him like an event of the day before. Old Fawls moved his hand away from his chin and grasped the arms of the chair. Yes, he could remember her face white against the pillow, her wide dark eyes looking up at him with a stare of terror and disbelief. Then she had closed her eyes tight and turned her face away from him.

Old Fawls was like a wounded vulture. He sprang up from his chair. "She looked at me that same way before she died this afternoon." He swung around to face the deep shadows of the room. All her life Abbie had said, "These things are God's

will —" Abbie had never belonged to him. She had been waiting there to die when God willed it.

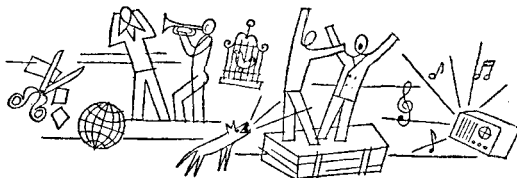
He turned around and seized the oil lamp in one hand; with the other he grasped the liquor jar and thrust it to his lips. He drained it; the liquid he did not swallow ran out the corners of his mouth and trickled down the stubbly gray beard and onto his coat. The jar slid out of his hand and broke with a loud crash on the hearth. He lurched toward the hall door. He swung it open; the lamplight fell upon the unpainted coffin.

"Abbie, Abbie, I want to look at you," he said. "I don't mean any disrespect, Abbie, I just wanta look at you; I — I want you to look at me again —" He stood there, his body swaying beside the coffin. His long bony fingers closed over the rough edge of the coffin lid. Slowly he lifted it until he could see the white cotton gown on Abbie's body. His breath was coming in quick hoarse rasps. He was trembling. He held the lamp up close, leaned over and looked at her face. The eyes were open. The cold impersonal stare of the corpse confronted him.

"God damn you, Abbie," he shouted and slammed the lid. He set the lamp on the coffin. He staggered back and glared about him. Then he turned and ran out of the front door and down the steps. He kept on running across the dark fields.



THE SOAP BOX



EDITORIAL NOTES

Shop Talk. Occasionally a manuscript reaches us by registered mail, requiring the signature of an employee of the magazine. Nearly always there is a letter attached to the script, notifying the editors that a copy of the same script has been filed with the Author's League or mailed by the author to himself so that there'd be a record of priority in case the contents of the work are ever plagiarized. Authors who practice such hocus-pocus are invariably novices, and it may safely be assumed that they possess no literary talent. Genuine, bonafide, low-down plagiarism is one of the rarest phenomena in the literary world — and in the magazine world, specifically, it is so rare as to be virtually unknown. Unpublished authors sometimes complain to their friends about the “parallels” in published work to certain of their own rejected scripts. These “parallels” are sometimes brought to the attention of “duped” editors, but on close examination the editors are forced to the conclusion that the “parallels” are

wholly imaginary and that the allegedly injured author is harboring nothing more honorable than the emotion of jealousy. Real authors never worry about plagiarism; they keep on writing and sending their work out to possible buyers, adamant in the faith that “Every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened” (Matt. VII, 8). . . . We do not presume to offer any opinions on the merits of the psychoanalytical or the psychiatric techniques of therapy, but we would like to report that the literature of these techniques has inspired some authors to write very dreary manuscripts and to inflict them upon long-suffering editors. During the past few weeks we have received what appears to be an unusually large number of such scripts. They have such titles as the following: “How to Cure Psychogenic Social Ailments,” “A Defence of Psycho-Atomic Chiropractic,” “Divine Analysis and Physics: Is There a Conflict?,” and “How Would Jesus Have Psychoanalyzed the World Today?” These scripts did not come from

one section of the country. They came from all sections — including such reputed centers of sanity as New York City, Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco. . . . Strange as it may seem, people still write in at times inquiring whether we print political articles, short stories and poems. We always answer them politely — and never hear from them again. What prompts them to write in the first place is a mystery to us. . . . For the information of all who may be interested, virtually all the notices in "The Check List" are written by members of the editorial staff. Less than a dozen, each year, are contributed by outsiders. We make no attempt to comment upon all the books published, or even a majority of them; we select for comment only those books that for one reason or another, in our opinion, would interest a fair number of our readers. . . . Authors sometimes ask us to recommend literary agents. We generally tell them to make sure that they really need an agent. Not all authors do. Some very successful ones have never made use of an agent. On the other hand, agents have done much to "sell" an author to a magazine or book publisher — though authors must never lose sight of the fact that in the end it is their work that does the real "selling." As for agents, there are good and bad ones with the good ones probably in the majority. We have had friendly and profitable relations with many agents, and for that reason hesitate to recommend

one in preference to another. The Authors League of America is perhaps the most reliable place for writers to obtain sound information about the competence and honesty of literary agents. A literary agent who does not keep scripts in constant circulation to the proper places is worse than useless. Unfortunately there are more than a few such agents. One of them has for the past two years been sending us articles that obviously should be sent to pulp or motion picture magazines!

AMOUR AND OBESITY

Doctors are urging men and women to reduce down to "normal" weight or even a few pounds under. They say it's best for continued health, and that it practically insures longevity. Maybe so. But I look upon all this reducing business as a threat to love. All the great lovers of history, male and female, have been hefty and buxom. Henry VIII was not of sub-normal weight. Neither was Catherine the Great. In my own neighborhood, a very small one, indeed, but quite representative of this great land of ours, the three men who "carry on," as the saying goes, are quite stocky, and the one lady with an impartial twinkle in her eyes is quite well rounded. Obesity may not mean a very long life, but it surely means one full of love. I know where my choice lies.

P. B.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

LITERARY IMMORTALS

Whenever I read the pompous pronouncement of this or that so-called literary critic that so-and-so is an immortal, I recall such former immortals as Joseph Hergesheimer, James Branch Cabell and Ronald Firbank. Where have they gone? And what has happened to the critics who plugged them? What makes me think of all this? The other day I started to re-read Cabell's *Jurgen*, and I almost lost my lunch. What a juvenile, silly, hollow, dreary book!

FRANK O. LOWNDES

Passaic, N. J.

DID RUTH REALLY CALL HIS SHOT?

I am a professional researcher. I spend whole days in the New York Public Library, going over back issues of the *Fourth International*, *Current Biography*, the *New York Times* and other publications which are presumably going to contain something I am looking for. Recently I had a shocking experience.

I was going over some old *New York Timeses* for the first half of October 1932. I happened to come across the descriptions of that year's World Series between the Yankees and the Cubs. The thing began to interest me, so I read it from beginning to end — all four games. Later that day, when I got home, I began to discuss that series with my roommate, and he asked me how the paper had de-

scribed the famous incident of Babe Ruth's calling his shot, *i.e.*, predicting publicly that he would hit a home run off Charley Root on a certain pitch. It dawned on me suddenly that I hadn't seen any reference to this in the *Times*. The next day I checked over the *Times* and found I was right; the *Times*, the paper that consistently provides the most complete news coverage of any in the country, had not reported any such doings.

My curiosity was aroused by this time, and I began to look for someone who had seen the incident. Altogether I spoke to five men who had seen the game, or *thought* they had; and though all of them were positive Ruth had really pointed to the right field stand before belting a homer off Root, none of them could swear he had actually seen this. Inasmuch as this incident is perhaps the single most important chapter in the Babe Ruth legend, I would like to get to the bottom of it. Did Ruth really call his shot? Where's the evidence?

BENJAMIN B. HARDY

New York City

RADIO REPAIR

I paid \$50 to five radio repair men to fix my radio — all for nothing. Then a real engineer said all my radio needed was a tightening of some screws. How many others are similarly swindled every day? Can't something be done about this?

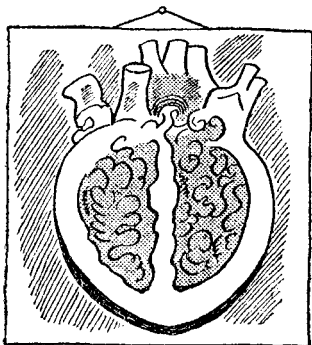
EUGENE B. BLACKWELL

Cincinnati, O.

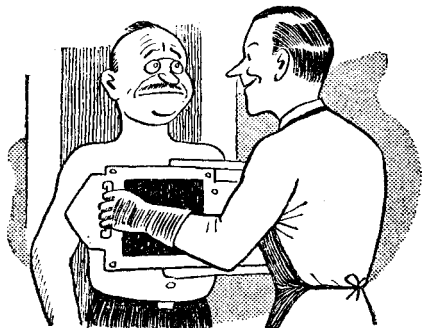
MEET A MAN WITH **HIGH** BLOOD PRESSURE

1. Everybody has blood pressure.

It goes up every time your heart beats, down when it rests. The doctor discovered the level of this man's blood pressure stayed high most of the time. He had high blood pressure (hypertension).



2. His heart had to work harder to circulate his blood. This extra strain often enlarges the heart muscle. Arteries may also be affected.

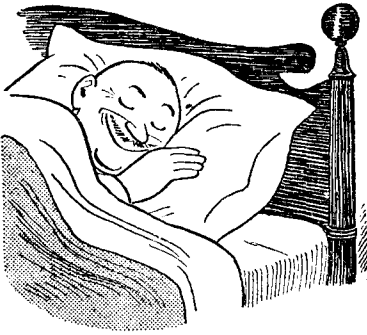


3. However, after a medical examination, this man learned that, like most high blood pressure patients, he could do a lot to help himself.

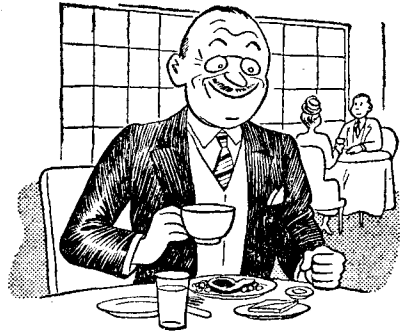
There is hope that future advances of medical science will provide new means of combating high blood pressure. Many studies are being aided by the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life Insurance Companies, which makes grants for special research in diseases of the heart and arteries, including high blood pressure.

For further information about high blood pressure, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Your Heart."

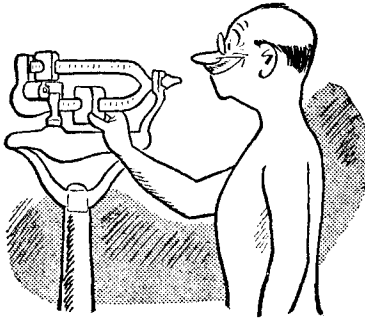
TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE



4. By taking his doctor's advice, he learned how to live with his ailment, to slow down at work and play, to get plenty of sleep and rest.



5. He followed his doctor's instructions about diet, so that he might help his condition, and avoid putting an extra burden on his heart.



6. He brought his weight down to normal and kept it there. For blood pressure often rises and falls as weight goes up and down.



7. He sees his doctor for frequent checkups. With good medical care and sensible living habits, he can look forward to many happy years.

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NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

MUDSLINGING IN NATIONAL ELECTIONS

BY ROBERT BENDINER

FOR those squeamish citizens who are distressed over the cruder aspects of the Truman-Dewey struggle for power a kind of comfort by comparison may be found in the garish history of Presidential campaigning — an institution long ago characterized by a visiting Englishman as “the spectacle of half the honest men supporting for the headship of the nation a person whom the other half declare to be a knave.” Given the comparatively colorless pair of nominees we have, it was improbable from the start that the 1948 affair would ever dip to the low but gaudy level of past classics, the general rule being that in political campaigns concentration on personalities varies in proportion to the magnitude of the principals. It was not the Pierces, Buchanans and Coolidges who suffered from the technique of the whisper or the free use of libel, but the Jeffersons and Jacksons, the Clevelands, Smiths and Roosevelts. Had the major parties this year chosen more glamorously than they did, the electorate would by now be knee-deep in mud, the ammunition having been prepared long before the conventions

met. Some of it was in fact released at Philadelphia, surreptitiously of course, in an unnecessary effort to forestall the nomination of one leading Republican. And a tabloid writer got a June day’s column out of broad hints that each party had a dark horse entry whose private life might prove a campaign handicap.

The techniques of the smear campaign go back to the days of the Founding Fathers. There is no reason to suppose that even Washington would have escaped had he chosen to try for a third term, because the rough-house tradition was already well established before he retired to his Virginia acres. A Republican cartoon wishfully showing him being led to the guillotine caused the first President to swear in a Cabinet meeting, according to Jefferson, that “by God he had rather be in his grave than in his present situation.” And a Philadelphia paper marked his retirement with the judgment that “If ever a nation has been debauched by a man, the American nation has been debauched by Washington.” To which the Federalists responded in kind with savage drawings of their

ROBERT BENDINER, *associate editor of the Nation*, is a specialist in American politics who has written many magazine articles and a book, *The Riddle of the State Department*.

rivals as pirates, bloated drunks, ragged anarchists and illiterate slaves.

In the underground of political campaigning — rarely far underground and often blessed in private by campaign managers — such dull stuff as tariffs, foreign policy and taxation give way to the livelier issues of sex, religion and personal peccadillos. Critiques of policy are replaced by suggestions of plots to set up a dictatorship or to sell out the Republic to a foreign power.

II

Sex appeared on the American political scene as far back as a century and a half ago and has been a campaign staple ever since, though a surprisingly ineffective one. A youthful infatuation of Jefferson's came back to haunt him in the campaign of 1800 in the form of a violent pamphlet called *Democracy Unveiled, or Tyranny Stripped of the Garb of Patriotism*. This document, compiled by a Federalist party hack and widely circulated, charged the author of the Declaration of Independence with having seduced the wife of his best friend. And pious Federalists throughout the country privately dilated on the awful warning of Timothy Dwight, President of Yale University, that Jeffersonianism threatened to make "our wives and daughters the victims of legal prostitution." The Federalists didn't escape blackening in that first really nasty campaign either, what with Hamilton, one of their top figures, owning up in print

to an "amorous connection" that he had thought to hush up with cash; and with John Adams, the Federalist candidate, widely publicized as a madman, an autocrat, a lover of England and a servant of the money-lenders — almost a model for editorials on Roosevelt in the *New York Daily News* 140 years later.

The Jefferson-Adams campaign was hardly more than a curates' tiff compared with the brawl that took place in 1828, when General Andrew Jackson defeated John Quincy Adams, and a retiring Congressman from Massachusetts departed the capital with the judgment that "There is more effrontery . . . in putting forward a man of his bad character — a man covered with crimes . . . than ever was attempted before upon an intelligent people." Some 37 years earlier, Jackson had made the misstep of taking as his second wife an admirable woman whom both parties to the marriage erroneously believed to have been divorced from her previous husband. Unhappily the divorce proceedings were incomplete when the wedding took place and the couple had to go through a second marriage ceremony some time later. The pro-Adams people gleefully exhumed the long-forgotten episode, and one enthusiastic pamphleteer put the question to the country with a fine frankness: "Ought a convicted adulteress and her paramour husband to be placed in the highest offices of this free and Christian land?" The embattled old soldier had also taken part

in a number of duels and, having in at least one instance killed his opponent, he was obliged to run for the Presidency not only as a "debauchee" but also as a "murderer." Jackson's wife died before he was inaugurated, and he flatly ascribed her death to the scurrility of the anti-Democratic smear campaign.

Adams himself had no part in these attacks and in fact did no campaigning at all, rejecting as a matter of stern New England principle the active quest for public office. Nevertheless, Jackson's followers paid him attentions quite as delicate as those that were showered on their hero. He was accused of turning the White House into a gambling den (he had installed a billiard table and a set of chess) and, rather more luridly, of having procured a beautiful American servant girl for a lustful Russian nobleman when he had been this country's Ambassador to the court of the Tsar.

The Republican party, emerging in 1856, not only seemed to the old-line politicians as "red" as the Jeffersonians had appeared to the Federalists, but also the party of free love. Republican women were believed to be addicted to cigars, and the supposedly illegitimate birth of the party's first nominee, John Charles Frémont, was a recurring theme of the more confidential campaign literature. Suggesting secession, Henry A. Wise, a fire-eating Virginian, asked a Southern audience whether "the hoisting of the black flag over you by a French-

man's bastard is not to be deemed an overt act and a declaration of war?"

In the notorious campaign of 1884 the Republicans offered the country in James G. Blaine the first candidate ever to face the electorate with an established and undeniable record of crookedness. His services in Congress had been made available to various private enterprises, for value received, and many an investor had been wiped out in the crash of dubious stocks bought on his recommendation. When the Democrats had threatened to make public a damning file of his letters, Blaine boldly walked into the hotel room of the man who held them, asked permission to read the correspondence, and coolly walked off with the whole packet. He was subsequently driven to make the letters public, however, including one he had written as Speaker of the House which carried the interesting postscript: "Burn this letter." All in all, Blaine's performance had been so gamey that even Roscoe Conkling, one of the most cynical spoilsmen who ever sat in the Senate, refused to campaign for him on the ground that he, Conkling, did not "engage in criminal practice." Yet with a Republican nominee of this caliber and such obvious issues as the rising violence between industry and labor, the campaign of 1884 revolved around the question of whether or not Grover Cleveland was the father of Widow Maria Halpin's child.

The story broke in the Buffalo

Telegraph a few weeks after the nomination, under the head:

A TERRIBLE TALE

A DARK CHAPTER IN A PUBLIC
MAN'S HISTORY

THE PITIFUL STORY OF MARIA
HALPIN AND GOVERNOR
CLEVELAND'S SON

going on to elaborate fulsomely an incident which had a basis in fact but which in its entirety, as it later developed, reflected rather creditably on the Governor. Cleveland had twelve years earlier formed what the press of the eighties liked to call an "irregular connection" with an easy-going widow, and while by no means certain that he was the father of her son, had conceded that possibility and even assumed responsibility for his care. Through lawyers he saw to it that, with the woman's consent, the child was in time taken out of her dubious custody and placed with a respected family in western New York. Even the widow's relatives acknowledged that he had treated her handsomely. But with this to go on, the anti-Cleveland press, much of the clergy of the country, and, unofficially, the Republican party erected a structure of infamy that included seduction, kidnapping, and worse. Filling in the gaps with editorial imagination, the *Telegraph* developed its campaign theme:

The libertine is a foe of the home and is therefore in a certain sense, a traitor to the

Republic . . . Take it yourselves, brothers! How would you feel about it if Maria Halpin were your sister?

The *Telegraph* was none too reputable a sheet, but it was soon joined by the pillars of journalism. Charles A. Dana's New York *Sun*, leaping to the canard that Cleveland kept favorites in houses near the Executive Mansion at Albany, solemnly declared:

We do not believe the American people will knowingly elect to the presidency a coarse debauchee who would bring his harlots with him to Washington and hire lodgings for them convenient to the White House.

Cleveland's simple candor and remarkable dignity throughout a campaign that must have been an unrelieved ordeal won him a measure of respect remarkable in the circumstances. Many newspapers made obeisance to convention by condemning the original sin and then went on to praise his subsequent conduct and his complete probity in public affairs, in such sharp contrast to the record of Mr. Blaine. The *Nation* called him a man "against whom nothing can be said except that he has not been proof against one of the most powerful temptations by which human nature is assailed." It suggested, further, that the standards being invoked by the more stiff-necked clergymen would have barred Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and Hamilton from "taking any prominent part in the foundation of the American Republic." The far from stiff-necked Reverend Henry

Ward Beecher, scorning the prevalent hypocrisy, informed a New Jersey audience that if every man in New York who had broken the Seventh Commandment should vote for Cleveland, he would be elected by a 200,000 majority. Thus did Dr. Beecher anticipate Dr. Kinsey by 64 years.

The Republicans, however, were not to be done out of what seemed like a sure-fire issue. Their unofficial theme song, as everyone but school-boys probably knows, was a ditty that went:

Ma! Ma! Where's my pa?
Going to the White House,
Ha! Ha! Ha!

To which the Democrats somewhat lamely replied:

Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine,
The continental liar from the State of
Maine.
Burn this letter!

Occasionally the "James G." was changed to "Jay Gould" in token of Blaine's subservience to the most prominent robber baron of his day, and a novel variation on the theme went:

Soap! Soap! Soap!
Blaine's only hope!

It was a tribute to the judgment of the electorate that it preferred Cleveland's personal lapse to the systematic dishonesty of the Republican candidate. The race was close, however, and most historians attribute Cleveland's victory to the folly of a backward

preacher, the President of Rutgers Female College, who in Blaine's presence attacked the Democrats as the party of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." The Republicans failed to repudiate the slur in time, and lost New York, with its large Catholic population, by a meager 1149 votes. With New York they lost the election. The triumphant Democrats gathered on election night to taunt their opponents with the victory chant:

Hurrah for Maria,
Hurrah for the kid;
We voted for Grover
And we're damned glad we did!

But Cleveland was to be hounded with reckless charges throughout his Presidential career. Shortly after his White House marriage the story was floated that he regularly beat his wife. Once out of office, the irate ex-President really exploded. "Why the damn ghouls even entered my home and told vile stories of my domestic relations," he complained to William Allen White. In particular they circulated rumors that his wife was about to divorce him. And not only that, Cleveland roared, "Do you remember they said I kicked her downstairs?"

Woodrow Wilson, like Cleveland, was a White House bridegroom, and his marriage, the second, similarly became a public concern. The timetable of events was especially held against him. The first Mrs. Wilson had died in August of 1914. In March

of the following year the President met Mrs. Norman Galt, a gracious and attractive widow, and early in May he asked her to be his wife. When the news first leaked out, the tenor of private comment was so harshly critical with regard to the President's brief period of mourning that party leaders actually delegated a Cabinet member to suggest to the President a postponement of the formal announcement. The Cabinet member refused, however, and the wedding took place late in December. The episode was in fact the subject of a good deal of whispering in the 1916 campaign, as the party chiefs had feared, but by that time the issue of peace or war was far too pressing for such considerations to carry any weight.

III

In the art of underhand campaigning, allegations concerning a fondness for alcohol are second in popularity only to charges of erratic sex behavior. Here, too, Democrats have been the principal victims. However, when old General Harrison (the Tippecanoe of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too") ran in the ludicrous campaign of 1840, his Whig party actually made a good thing of his reputed addiction to hard cider. They contrasted it with the effete concoctions that his opponent, President Van Buren, supposedly imbibed from golden goblets in the White House, and they served it by the jugful at rollicking outdoor rallies all over the country. In fact, Harri-

son's whole campaign rested on his being the "log-cabin and hard-cider" candidate — the log-cabin background was completely fraudulent — and one of the top campaign strategists issued the following directive: "Let him say not one single word about his principles or his creed — let him say nothing. . . . Let the use of pen and ink be wholly forbidden." The strategy was effective and Harrison won in a landslide.

The Democrats, on the other hand, have had at least three nominees who received rather rough treatment for alleged devotion to the bottle. Jackson was branded a drunkard, which he was not, and one of the more colorful slanders about poor Cleveland was that during his term of office he periodically took refuge on the Presidential yacht, the more privately to quench a gargantuan thirst. But this particular approach to politics naturally reached a climax in the battle of 1928, in which Governor Alfred E. Smith called for "fundamental changes" in the prohibition law, without the return of the saloon, while Mr. Hoover favored going on with "an experiment . . . noble in purpose."

Among the sideshows of the Houston convention that nominated Smith were public "prayer sessions" convoked by hysterical cliques of "dry" women, who all but overran the town. A "season of prayer" was decreed at these affairs to invoke the aid of the Lord in saving the Democratic party from the candidate who only

wanted "to put his foot upon a brass rail again and blow the foam off a mug of beer." Smith's promise to deliver the Northern vote was unfavorably compared with the bait held out by Satan to prospective sinners. "Shall Dry America," asked Bishop Cannon, "elect a cocktail President?"

Once Smith was nominated, the barrage really started. It was plain from the start that alcohol and religion were to be the big guns. Even at Houston groups of Protestant churchwomen met to pray against Smith's attempt to "steal the United States from the Christian [sic] people." In this meanest of all political fights scurrilous literature achieved a mass circulation hitherto unknown. A violent pamphlet entitled "Tammany Hall and Womanhood" was one of several shady works distributed by the hundreds of thousands, the purpose of which was to present the New York governor as "the friend of prostitution." Handbills were freely circulated attributing 90 per cent of all crime in America to Catholics, and another feature was a forged Knights of Columbus oath, comparable in imaginative malice to the infamous *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. Typical of the milder effusions of this sort was a bit of doggerel entitled "Alcohol Smith's Platform," which in part went as follows:

I'll rule the people and the Pope rules me
And the people's rights you will never see,
And the Protestant heretics who vote for
me
I'll reduce to abject slavery.

The Smith campaign was, of course, neither the first nor the last in which religion was a shady factor. Few memories will be taxed to recall the anti-Semitism employed by the lunatic fringe in the various Roosevelt campaigns. But the dire prophecies of what four more years of "that man in the White House" would do to the moral fabric of the country were, after all, not very different from the prediction that went the rounds of New England back in 1800. The Federalists in that year had confidential information that if Jefferson were elected he would move immediately to confiscate all the Bibles in circulation and substitute his own, which would undoubtedly sanction all the vast immoralities of the French Revolution. And Smith's tragic experience was foreshadowed as long before as 1856, when General Frémont had to contend with the Know-Nothing party's whispered charge that the first Republican nominee was not only of dubious birth but was by conviction a Roman Catholic. The Know-Nothing vote of 900,000, which went to ex-President Millard Fillmore, more than made the difference between victory and defeat for Frémont. Woodrow Wilson, oddly enough, was damned as both an anti-Catholic and a secret member of the Knights of Columbus.

IV

Aside from major matters of sex, drinking habits and religion, there are always vulnerable points in a candi-

date's record, program or personality which his opponent is too big to exploit on his own but which may be thoroughly discussed by smaller fry or left to the whisperers. In the nature of things these vary greatly from campaign to campaign, but it is remarkable how the pattern is repeated whenever circumstances permit. It almost seems, for example, as though Republican businessmen in 1936 dipped into the records of the McKinley-Bryan campaign for suggested techniques. When they warned their employees that they might find themselves without jobs if Roosevelt were re-elected, they were merely dusting off the device that Mark Hanna had urged on their GOP fathers 40 years before. And when manufacturers wrote out orders for raw materials with an election proviso tacked on, that too was a weapon drawn from the Hanna arsenal, a relic of the campaign in which the New York *Tribune* concentrated all the spleen of the Eastern business community in its description of Bryan as "a wretched, rattle-pated boy, posing in vapid vanity and mouthing resounding rottenness. . . ."

The charge of vanity is fairly common, but apart from Bryan the most striking instance of its use was the case of Martin Van Buren. It was widely reported in the fatuous campaign of 1840 that the President, supposedly in contrast to the hard-bitten hero of Tippecanoe, was given to scenting his whiskers with cologne, lacing himself up in corsets, and bathing with greater frequency than

good frontiersmen considered decent.

Herbert Hoover and Chester Alan Arthur share the odd distinction of having had their qualifications questioned on the ground of citizenship. Running for the Vice-Presidency with Garfield in 1880, Arthur came up against the whispered charge that he had been born in Canada and had wilfully appropriated the birth certificate of a younger brother. Hoover's native birth was not questioned, but it was persistently hinted that he had somehow forfeited his birthright by having applied for British citizenship in his younger days. There were also low whispers that he had defrauded some Chinese investors in the course of his career as a mining engineer. But these were taken no more seriously than the equally childish stories that Wilson attempted to snatch some of the Kaiser's crown jewels for his new wife. Two of the oddest accusations were made against the harried Cleveland. The Grand Army of the Republic accused him of having hired a substitute to fight for him in the Civil War, a practice that was in fact permitted; and also of having gone fishing once on Memorial Day — still a pretty serious political offense at the close of the century.

Wives and families of nominees have from time to time been considered fair game, though the scope here has fortunately been narrow. Aside from the slurs on Jackson's wife, Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt were the principal, if indirect, targets of this lowest of all forms of campaign-

ing. Society hands were raised in holy horror at the possibility of the simple and buxom Mrs. Smith presiding at the White House table. And Eleanor Roosevelt, the most active First Lady in American history, was widely lampooned both for her travels and her convictions. The campaign against her reached a climax in the vicious but widely credited story that she had organized secret "Eleanor Clubs" throughout the South for the purpose of subverting the social structure of that region. The Roosevelt children, too, came in for a considerable barrage, and even the President's dog was the subject of ugly rumor. They "have not been content with attacks on me," Roosevelt said in a half-jest, "or on my wife, or on my sons — no, not content with that, they now include my dog Fala."

Actually Roosevelt was never much upset by the gutter campaigning that went on ceaselessly against him (and hasn't stopped yet). With four

straight victories, he needn't have been. Jackson, too, was given a second term in spite of the vitriol that flowed out over the country; and Cleveland won two elections in spite of Maria and the Grand Army of the Republic. By and large, the underground technique has failed far more often than it has proved effective, but except for Roosevelt — and perhaps Jefferson — it undoubtedly left a mark on its victims. Unlike those two, most of the principal targets — Adams, Jackson, Cleveland, and Smith — were embittered by the experience. In private Jackson talked longingly of taking the cowhide to his detractors, and Cleveland often exploded to others as he did to White. Yet men, even thinskinners, have always been willing to run the gauntlet of defamation in order to gain the White House and more defamation — a continuing triumph of ambition over sensitivity which, fortunately for the Republic, shows no sign of abating.

COMMON OCCURRENCE

BY WILLIAM HULL

Esteban and I
wore the night down:
I to find Esteban,
but Esteban
to find himself.

IS PROHIBITION COMING BACK?

BY ALSON J. SMITH

THE professional Dry organizations, in the doldrums ever since Repeal, have got themselves something of a New Look. We no longer have with us the Old Anti-Saloon League which, under the crafty leadership of the late Wayne B. Wheeler, spent some \$50 million to put Prohibition across and \$20 million more to fight Repeal. In its place, coordinating the activities of some 24 Dry organizations, is a streamlined outfit called the National Temperance and Prohibition Council.

Things are looking up for the Drys all along the front. Movies like *The Lost Week-End*, *Smash-Up* and *Humoresque*, books like *The Story of Mrs. Murphy* and *The Glass Crutch*, plays like *The Cup of Trembling* and radio programs like the recent CBS series on alcoholism dramatize a growing public concern with the problem. The annual statistics show startling increases in drinking among women and even children, increases in crime and accidents attributable to drinking, and increases in the distillers' profits. As a reaction to all this, more

and more of the country has been going dry under local option, and the *National Voice*, the oldest Dry weekly in America, has been proclaiming in its columns and on its letter-heads and return envelopes the joyful news: PROHIBITION IS COMING BACK!

This might all be laughed off as mere White Ribbon Legion optimism if nobody but the "Temperance" groups were talking that way. But the thoroughly-alarmed Wets are saying much the same thing. The writer recently talked with Mr. C. L. Chapin, the able president of Repeal Associates, who also led the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment in its fight against the National Prohibition Act. "Do you really think there's a chance that Prohibition might come back?" I asked. "Oh, yes!" he replied emphatically. "A very good chance." His warning was echoed by Mr. John Daly, president of the Restaurant and Liquor Dealers' Association of Bronx County, N. Y., who recently advised the National Tavern Owners' Association that

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there was a distinct possibility that the tavern business would be illegal by 1950. The *Beverage Retailer Weekly* recently warned: "It's time the liquor industry moguls hop out of their luxurious chairs in their nice, plush offices in Manhattan's finest office buildings and get down to work ringing door-bells to save their own jobs in the industry." And Schenley Distillers Corporation recently ran a series of full-page advertisements to arouse the industry and public to the danger of the present situation. The ads were entitled: "Is Prohibition Coming Back?"

One reason for Dry optimism is the revival of public interest in the alcohol problem, coinciding as it does with a decided improvement in the Dry propaganda and legislative apparatus. The new crop of Drys is younger, more personable and more intelligent than the old. The workers are less blatant, better informed, more restrained. Their policy of "clip and clip, file and file" has enabled them to forge a solid and impressive statistical weapon against the Demon Rum. Their diligent research has made possible, for example, the resurrection of an old Missouri state law which designates September 28 as Frances W. Willard Day and provides that on that date every public school in the state shall devote one quarter of the school day to "instruction and appropriate exercises relative to the history and benefits of the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating beverages in the United States." It has also

enabled them to scare the wits out of some people by pointing out that the bacteria count on cafe bar and bar-room glasses runs from 211,000 to 13 million.

The Drys are happy, too, over the revival of interest in the liquor problem in the churches. The Methodists, whose Board of Temperance is the bellwether of the Dry flock, recently voted a "Forward Movement" — towards Prohibition — for all of their 10 million members and set the first Sunday in Lent as a "Commitment Day" on which every Methodist is expected to sign a pledge of total abstinence. This technique was immediately copied by the Southern Baptists, who set May 30 as their "Commitment Day." On that day all Southern Baptist Sunday Schools will study a lesson entitled "Daniel Stands By His Convictions," and Baptists ten years old and up will sign a card saying:

Because I love Jesus and want my life to count for Him and because I know that beverage alcohol is the foe of spiritual things and the destroyer of everything dear to the heart of my Lord, I promise myself that I will never sell, give, or serve it to others.

In California, the churches are fighting the Dry fight where it counts — in the local communities. The issue of local control of intoxicating liquor has qualified for the ballot in that state, and in the fall voters will decide whether or not individual communities will have the right to veto state liquor licenses. There are a

present 32,000 such licenses in California, and 1500 churches are now participating in a thirty-day drive to register voters.

The Drys are encouraged by the possible cooperation of two powerful allies — the Catholic Church and the National Federation of Women's Clubs. The former held aloof from the drive that brought National Prohibition in 1920, but today the Catholic hierarchy is making friendly overtures to the Drys. George A. Gordon, writing on Father Theobald Matthews in the *Catholic Advocate*, states that:

The hour is here for a total abstinence crusade across the nation. However satisfied the people of our nation may seem to be with social drinking, America is sick at heart of drink.

Even the mild adherence of the Catholic Church to the Dry crusade would make it politically irresistible.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs, at its annual convention in Portland, Oregon, last spring, passed a strong resolution demanding the enforcement of local laws to curb drinking by minors, asking teaching of the effects of alcohol in the public schools, protesting the glamorizing of drinking scenes in radio, movies, newspapers and magazines, and asking its clubs to sponsor propaganda making it "smart" not to serve cocktails.

II

The Drys' most effective ally, however, is the liquor industry itself. To a question by this writer as to which group was working hardest to bring

back Prohibition, Dr. Deets Pickett, Research Secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, smilingly replied: "The distillers. We're letting them work for us."

What Pickett meant was that the increase in drinking and in accidents, crimes and arrests in which liquor figured was doing more to create Dry sentiment than the organized Prohibition forces could. Every index from the annual FBI report on down shows a tremendous increase in all types of liquor offenses. In 1944, the FBI reported 1,077,399 offenses connected with alcoholic beverages (drunkenness, driving while drunk, liquor law violations, etc.). In 1945 this figure jumped to 1,228,150, and in 1946 it was up to 1,405,774. All over the country the story is the same. A Grand Jury in Kanawha County, West Virginia, blamed 85 per cent of all crime in that county last year on liquor. In Charlotte, North Carolina, adult crime increased 24 per cent from 1945 to 1946, and four offenses in that category — criminal homicide, burglary, sex offenses and drunkenness — increased more than 500 per cent in a single year. In Los Angeles, arrests for intoxication were up from 72,465 in 1945 to 92,108 in 1946. Cuyahoga County, Ohio, officials estimated that of 2215 vehicular fatalities in that county in the years 1936-1946, no less than 51.96 per cent were due to alcohol.

Nowhere does alcoholic excess irritate the general public more than

when engaged in by women, and today women drink — and get drunk — just about everywhere. In Los Angeles the police arrested 4794 women for drunkenness in 1947, a 96 per cent increase over 1942 and a 93 per cent increase over 1927, when Prohibition was in effect. In Washington Captain Rhoda Milliken, head of the Women's Division of the Metropolitan Police Force, asserted recently that arrests of female barflies in the nation's capital had doubled since the war, and that some 30 per cent of the tipsy ladies had been accustomed to mixing "goof balls" (benzedrine pills) with their libations for greater kick. Forty per cent of those arrested were housewives, and half of these had small children at home. In Milwaukee a liquor store advertised a "Mother's Day Special — A Fifth of 100-Proof Bourbon for \$3.98." Trying to make a customer out of old mom is not going to endear the liquor industry to the average American, even though the average American may relish a shot himself on occasion. The Hearst press, which fought Prohibition with might and main, resents the female drink-cadger so much that it recently called for "the law to exercise its duty of protecting the sisters, wives and mothers of the community from the consequences of their own folly" and "by protecting the dopes of the alcoholic era, keep our society clean and healthy." (*Chicago Herald-American*, Dec. 16, 1947.)

Meanwhile, ignoring the hand-

writing on the wall, Seagrams Ltd. announces blithely that its profits for the six months ending Jan. 31, 1948, were \$38,398,579, as compared with \$31,834,858 for the same period the previous year.

The liquor industry, in spite of prodigious expenditures for advertising, still is afflicted with bad public relations. Senator Clyde Reed of Kansas, one of the Dry leaders in Congress, recently observed that "the liquor industry hasn't learned a thing" from Prohibition and Repeal. This harsh judgment is borne out by the more intelligent people within the industry and in the field of administration. John F. O'Connell, Chairman of the New York State Liquor Authority, told a conference of state liquor administrators in Duluth, Minnesota, recently:

One of the most prevalent and disconcerting shortcomings of the industry which I have encountered lies in the adoption by so many of its members of, and by their devotion to the code of the underworld; "Don't talk." This is undoubtedly a hold-over from Prohibition days when the industry itself as then constituted was underworld and when it spawned some of the meanest and most desperate criminals it has been our misfortune to encounter. The industry, those who speak for it and those of its members who feel a special sense of responsibility to the public, must assist control authorities in educating the industry to the point where it realizes that it is a duty of citizenship to testify in open court against those who violate the law. They must understand also that licensees and permittees are bound both as citizens and as licensees and permittees to cooperate in this manner and to exhibit a sense

of honor and the courage to discharge this obligation truthfully and willingly.

O'Connell's administration of the New York State Liquor Authority, incidentally, has made that state a model in the field.

A good example of the chronic inability of a certain segment of the industry to see beyond its own nose was the hue and cry that was raised over the recent grain holiday. At a meeting of the Luckman Committee in Washington, a big brewer from Missouri was asked: "If people were starving, would you not cut your production to some extent?" The brewer replied: "Not by a barrel — not by a God-damned barrel!" Such an attitude enables the professional Drys to say, as their *Union Signal* promptly did, that "the beer business has long been founded on starvation and semi-starvation of women and little children."

The segment of the industry that is working hardest to bring back Prohibition is the tavern. Daly was not talking through his hat when he warned the tavern owners that 1950 could see their business wiped out by law. In Chicago, the Crime Commission recently issued a report on conditions in the Woodlawn area in which it was stated:

Insofar as the Woodlawn area is concerned, practically every person interviewed during the survey stated that the general deterioration of the neighborhood is due in great part to the fact that there are too many taverns located in the district. In addition the complete disregard

of the liquor laws has created a disgraceful situation. One large liquor dealer, familiar with the conditions prevailing on E. 63rd St. in the Woodlawn area informed the Crime Commission that the intolerable conditions in taverns there make him feel ashamed of his connection with the liquor industry. Owners of reputable taverns in the district stated that only three taverns in the entire area under investigation were being operated in strict compliance with the liquor control laws. Investigation by the Chicago Crime Commission over a five-month period confirmed this allegation.

In fact, conditions in Chicago taverns were so bad that the Managing Director of the Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc., Mr. Stanley Baar, went out from New York to that city to give the local tavern owners what-for in November 1946. He accused them of being a party to the operation of the most disreputable and obnoxious on-premise liquor establishments the world over. "There exists here," said Mr. Baar, "an element that, either for greed or because of their very character, operates with pure disregard for any and all law. They stay open beyond legal hours, they sell minors, they permit gambling, they employ hostesses, they allow prostitutes and other undesirable characters to congregate." He lashed the hide off the erring brethren to no avail whatsoever.

And a recent survey by the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago revealed that of 9200-odd taverns in the city, 5400 were consistently violating the law. So keen is the competition among the city's proliferating

gin-mills that the old vaudeville gag — five cent whisky — is almost a reality. On North Clark and West Madison Streets *two* shots of corn (Old Sunbeam) retails for eleven cents and most of the standard brands of rye are available too, at eleven to fourteen cents a shot.

III

On the legislative front the Drys also have cause for a measured optimism. Here the target is liquor advertising, and during the last regular session of Congress the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee held hearings on three bills aimed at liquor ads. S-265, the so-called Capper Bill, would make illegal all liquor advertising in magazines, newspapers, films and radio. S-2352, the Reed-Johnson Bill, is a substitute for the more drastic Capper Bill and would enjoin the Federal Trade Commission to suppress as "false and misleading" liquor advertisements which by any device represent their product as beneficial to health, physical welfare, social or business standing or prestige, or as traditional in American family life. S-2365, the Johnson-Reed Bill, specifically defines the illustrative and descriptive matter which may be used in such advertising, and would have the effect of restricting liquor advertising to illustrations showing the label on the bottle. Two hearings were held on these bills, one on May 12-13, 1947, and the other on April 21, 1948. At these hearings the Drys, led by Bishop W. E. Ham-

maker, the President of the Methodist Board of Temperance, made the Wets look very bad indeed. The newspapers, not ordinarily friendly to the Drys, described the Wet representatives as "drab" and "pathetic," and spoke of the "color" and "persuasive power" of the Drys. Barnet Nover, the columnist, was sufficiently impressed to comment:

Washington still remembers with what effectiveness the Methodist bishop took over the hearings on liquor advertising held by the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee in the huge Senate Caucus Room. Bishop Hammaker brought on his parade of witnesses. To the surprise of the hard-bitten newspapermen who covered the hearing, there was not a crackpot in the lot. Every witness the bishop called was well-informed, earnest, and direct: and many were young and attractive.

By a close six-to-five vote the bills were not reported out for action by Congress. However, according to the *Congressional Daily* there is an excellent chance that one of them will be reported out for action when Congress reconvenes in January. If any of the bills finally becomes law it will deal a solar-plexus blow not only to the liquor industry but to the advertising agencies and magazines as well. Approximately \$112 million per year is currently expended by 1470 manufacturers of alcoholic beverages in advertising.

In hitting at liquor advertising, the Drys have picked a vulnerable spot in the industry's armor. Not that the ads are in bad taste. They are, in fact

models of restraint. But they irritate people, even drinking people, by their implications. The Chicago *Daily News* commented caustically on the fact that no drunken bum had ever been selected as a "Man of Distinction," in spite of the fact that he consumed more of the advertised product than any of the gentlemen who were selected. And one New York paper was sufficiently suspicious of those "Switched to Calvert" ads to hunt up and interrogate one of the switchers, a Mr. Henry Kopf of Union City, New Jersey. They located the convert to Calverts in a fifth-rate bar and asked him for the details of his conversion. Said Mr. Kopf:

I didn't get nuthin' out of it. . . . Me and Louis Setti, we were sitting here drinking. . . . So while we were drinking, the agent of the Calvert company, he comes in and says "Did you ever try Lord Calvert?" So we says no. So he says, "Have a drink on me." John (the bartender), he didn't have Lord Calvert, but he did have Calvert Reserve — that's a little cheaper — and we found out it was a very good drink. Then he asked me and Louis for our names and addresses and we gave it to him. . . . I'm a whisky drinker. . . . I'd drink any whisky just so long as it was whisky. [PM, June 15, 1947.]

Within the liquor industry itself there is a divided opinion about the desirability of advertising, some believing that advertising makes more enemies than friends for the industry and is unnecessary anyway. A lot of distillers certainly did all right during Prohibition without advertising. And millions who drink and would oppose

Prohibition still do not like to have their children appealed to as the Brewing Corporation of America did recently, in beautiful color advertisements addressed to "1 Million Younger Men Who Have Never Tasted a Great Glass of Beer."

This is not to say that *all* liquor advertising is irritating. The Frankfort Distiller Corporation's advertising of Four Roses and Paul Jones whisky, usually limited to attractive pictures, is not at all offensive. The National Distiller's Products Corporation's promotion of Gilbey's Gin has been in good taste, as has the Park and Tilford advertising. The liquor advertising which offends is that which seems to confer social distinction, athletic prowess or physical beauty on the consumers of the product.

In the local option elections which are constantly being held throughout the country, the Drys are making spectacular gains. Three states are now totally dry by law — Kansas, Oklahoma and Mississippi. According to the Distiller's Institute's own figures, North Carolina is 68.3 per cent dry, Tennessee 67.6 per cent, Georgia 63.5 per cent, Kentucky 61.1 per cent, Alabama 54.3 per cent and Texas 52 per cent. In 1946, 112 units with a total population of 531,632 switched from wet to dry and the total dry population of the United States jumped to nearly 25 million. In Pennsylvania 226 communities have filed petitions for referendums this fall, with dry victories predicted

in most of them. The most startling dry success was in the notoriously wet city of Chicago where six precincts of the South Side voted themselves dry in a local option election in 1946.

Thirty years ago the proposal to amend the Constitution to incorporate in it a permanent and nationwide prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages had just been submitted to the states. The liquor industry scoffed. It isn't scoffing today as it sees the country slowly drying up through local option elections, as it fights in Washington for the right to advertise its product, as it sees alcoholism jump to third rank as a United States public health problem, and as the FBI turns the spotlight on the spiraling index of liquor offenses.

Does all this mean that Prohibition *is* coming back, as the Drys say? It may, unless the industry develops a social conscience and cleans house. In Minnesota, a Minnesota Poll Survey discovered that only 57 per cent of the voters there thought that Prohibition would *not* return within 25 years, and only 54 per cent said they would vote against its return. And the Dry propaganda machine is only just getting started.

But maybe not. The memory of the Capone era is probably still too fresh for complete Prohibition to return. The tavern business may be restricted, though, and liquor advertising as we now know it may well be outlawed. Unless there are some spectacular improvements, some sort of Federal control short of actual Prohibition is undoubtedly coming.

FORSAKEN PLOW

BY JOHN ROBERT QUINN

The weeds have repossessed you, dock and vetch
And false buckwheat. Your tongue that once could etch
So firm and straight a line upon the page
Has lost its skill and grown so dull with age
That nothing remains to say except farewell.
The spiders have found in you a place to dwell
And ply their shuttles. Otherwise, at most,
You are no more than last year's thinning ghost.

BROOKLYN, THE FORTY-NINTH STATE

BY JACK GAVER AND DAVE STANLEY

INTEREST in whether Alaska or Hawaii will become the forty-ninth state of the union may be feverish in certain quarters, but to a sizable slice of the country's population the question is academic. The nearly three million residents of Brooklyn, no longer even a city in its own right, consider that their community has been the equivalent of a forty-ninth state for years, regardless of statute.

There was evidence of this feeling during a March of Dimes drive in a Florida resort city a few years ago. Each of 48 containers set out to catch the contributions of winter visitors bore the name of a state; a forty-ninth was labeled "Brooklyn." On the boardwalk at Asbury Park, N. J., on a June morning in 1948, workmen were hoisting state flags for a "Salute to the States" ceremony. At the standard reserved for California, they met one Edward Scott, who carried what he said was "the borough flag of Brooklyn" (actually, there is no such thing), and insisted that it be raised "because Brooklyn's as good as California." The flag was not raised.

But because of this sort of spirit, legal statehood would mean little in the way of added distinction to Brooklynites. They are content to know that Brooklyn is the most publicized place in the world and that the City of Greater New York would be a hollow skyscraper shell without this most populous and storied of its five boroughs. They are not professional braggarts, as are Texans, but neither are they inclined to minimize their importance.

And "importance" doesn't mean the notoriety that has accrued to Brooklyn increasingly in the past quarter of a century — the sort of half-sweet, half-sour notoriety resulting from the community's becoming the joke butt of the nation. This sort of thing does help Brooklyn to achieve the headlines, but underneath there is a firm foundation of history and accomplishment that makes the records of some states seem anemic by comparison.

Brooklyn's population of 2,812,000 (N.Y.C. Department of Health estimate for 1948) is exceeded only by

JACK GAVER is starting his nineteenth season as drama critic for the United Press. He is a former resident of Brooklyn Heights. DAVE STANLEY is a press agent, free-lance writer and native of Brooklyn. The two collaborated in a book on radio comedians, *There's Laughter in the Air*. This is the fourteenth in a series on the American states and possessions.

that of Greater New York and Chicago. Only seventeen states have larger populations than Brooklyn, which has five-and-a-half times the combined populations of Alaska and Hawaii. Brooklyn, which makes up all of Kings County, has nine of the 24 members of Congress from Greater New York; Manhattan (New York County) has only six. Twenty-nine states have fewer Congressmen than Brooklyn. In national politics the borough is as safely Democratic as any state in the Solid South. Brooklyn has contributed four of the nine mayors of New York in the fifty years since its consolidation. This includes the incumbent, William O'Dwyer, who, despite his Irish origin, bears the indelible stamp of "made in Brooklyn" because he worked his way up the political ladder there from a police beat in Coney Island.

The delightful odor of roasting coffee perfumes much of the Brooklyn air; it is second only to Santos, Brazil, as a coffee-roasting and distribution center. Tootsie Rolls also come from Brooklyn and there is plenty of sugar with which to make them; the borough is the world's largest sugar-refining center. The enormous amount of penicillin it produces comprises merely one of some 700 items that give the community the reputation of making more different kinds of products than any other. It is the country's fifth-ranking industrial center in total output. Even more important, Brooklyn is the leading

foreign trade center of the United States, handling 40 per cent of this vital traffic along its 108.8 miles of commercially developed waterfront. The statistics would surprise even many natives; they include the information that the borough has better than a hundred farmers.

II

The celebration of New York City's Golden Jubilee this year served to impress the more sketchily informed of the fact that Brooklyn was the master of its own municipal fate until 1898. Those who know Brooklyn only through the jokesmiths will be even more astounded to know that it is one of the most historic spots in North America with a history of organized settlement that goes back to 1646.

Henry Hudson found the New York area for the Dutch in 1609, and his first landing was on what is now Coney Island, then famous as a wampum mint for eastern Indians and later to become renowned as the birthplace of the frankfurter and the site of the world's greatest amusement park. The Dutch colonized Manhattan in 1623, and within a few years the more astute burghers began buying from the Indians the more fertile tracts across the East River on the western end of Long Island. These deals never involved more than a few guilders' worth of cloth, arms, trinkets and firewater. For the fiscal year 1949 Brooklyn's assessable real estate value was \$4,137,947,660, slightly more

than a fourth of New York City's total.

In 1646 a hamlet named Breuckelen (after a Netherlands village) was started at about the spot where Borough Hall now stands. Breuckelen, which is reputed to have opened the new world's first public school in 1661, was to pass through a score of spellings due to the illiteracy of the time and changes of sovereignty before the present version became permanent late in the eighteenth century. By that time the English had been in control for a little over a century, the fledgling United States had taken over as a result of the American Revolution, and Dutch culture was on its way to oblivion.

Almost from the day of its founding, Brooklyn began absorbing other settlements in western Long Island, a process that was to continue until Brooklyn itself was swallowed in 1898 by the colossus across the East River. The New York Legislature first incorporated it as a village in 1816, then as a city in 1834. George Hall, a painting contractor who is remembered for having been opposed to pigs in the street and liquor in the citizens—he wouldn't even take spirits for medicinal purposes—became the first mayor. He made some headway against the pigs.

Two mechanical developments greatly influenced Brooklyn's history. The first came in 1814 when Robert Fulton's steam ferry service was established between Manhattan and Brooklyn. This made Brooklyn con-

siderably more accessible and pointed the way for a gradual change from a predominantly agricultural economy. The second factor was the opening of the famed Brooklyn Bridge in 1893, an event that sealed Brooklyn's doom as an independent city.

The human element in making Brooklyn what it is today was provided by succeeding tides of immigrants during the hundred years following the war of 1812. The Irish were the dominant invading strain for almost a generation and they gained such a foothold that even now their descendants play a major rôle in the borough's affairs. Germans were the next big contingent. The latter half of the century and the early part of the twentieth century saw a great influx of Italians, Slavs, Scandinavians, Poles, Syrians, and, most of all, Jews of varied nationalities. Today, possibly a little more than a third of Brooklyn's population is Jewish, making it the largest Jewish community in the world, with half again as many Jews as in all Palestine.

Few of these newcomers had much money and it was cheaper to live in Brooklyn than in Manhattan. That is still true today. Brooklyn became the "bedroom of New York" and the "borough of homes." And because it is the residential district for people of so many different nationalities and faiths, it also became the "city of churches."

Brooklyn became the greatest melting pot in the country. It acquired a

color and vitality that are strongly apparent even now, after a generation in which immigrant transfusions have become increasingly small and rare. A recent survey at Nathan Hale Junior High School revealed that 41 nationalities were represented among the parents of the students, but that 98.27 per cent of the students were at least third-generation Americans.

Brooklyn even has that rare thing, a colony of American Indians. These are not the native Canarsie, who apparently became extinct around 1800, but descendants of the upstate Mohawks who used to force tribute from the easy-going Canarsie.

III

If a requirement for statehood is an easy demarcation of communities that can be turned into governmental units such as counties, Brooklyn can qualify easily. No urban entity has such a background of neighborhood history and pride. Even today, despite all of the changes and new blood, strong sectional feeling persists.

The whole of Brooklyn could be divided into the original six townships — Flatlands, Flatbush, Brooklyn, Bushwick, New Utrecht and Gravesend. It was Gravesend, by the way, that, in 1643, boasted the first woman office-holder in the new world. She was Lady Deborah Moody, an Englishwoman and advanced thinker who received a Dutch charter to colonize. Evidence of her unique community planning methods can

still be seen in the street layout in the Gravesend area.

These six areas could be sub-divided into as many as thirty districts, if desired, a number of them dominated by various foreign blood strains. Red Hook, Coney Island, Williamsburgh, Greenpoint, Canarsie, Park Slope, Bensonhurst and Brownsville are some of the well-known names in this list, but none, perhaps, has the illustrious background of Brooklyn Heights. "The Heights" was once the exclusive home of Brooklyn blue bloods. Mostly of old New England stock, they regarded as upstarts the society people of such places as New York, Boston and Philadelphia. It was there that America's most noted clergyman, Henry Ward Beecher, auctioned off a Negro girl from his Plymouth Church pulpit to further his anti-slavery campaign. The district's exclusiveness began to wane forty years ago when the subway first penetrated there, but it still retains some of its distinctive air and is considered one of the "better neighborhoods."

Many of today's elderly Brooklynites are steeped in this atmosphere of sectional pride because they grew up in districts that still had their identities outside the corporate limits of the City of Brooklyn. Those of the younger generations who do not have roots deep into Brooklyn's past still get a diluted version of this regional loyalty through the fact that their schools, clubs and churches bear names derived from the old days.

The champion sectionalist of them all was the late Peter J. McGuinness, Democratic politico extraordinary, who died this year. His bailiwick was Greenpoint — the “Greenpernt” of the jokes and the home precinct of Mae West. This densely populated, factory-cluttered district was “the garden spot of the world” to Peter. People and not nature were his concern, and Greenpoint has its plentiful share of Brooklyn’s millions even if that much-discussed “Brooklyn tree” is hard to find.

Brooklyn district loyalty, however, will always give way to pride in the borough as a whole. It could be argued that this is a defense mechanism, resulting from the barrage of low humor leveled at Brooklyn, and this undoubtedly is true to some extent. However, local pride was a characteristic of Brooklynites for generations before the “Brooklyn joke” became a national pastime, and it was this pride more than anything else that kept the non-consolidationists fighting to the bitter end half a century ago.

Brooklyn pride and loyalty are perennial subjects of editorials in the nation’s newspapers. An occasional writer will profess to be fed up with hearing about it, but usually the comment is laudatory and even envious. “What has Brooklyn got that we haven’t?” is the common plaint, and the answer comes in as many forms as there are writers. It is significant that your true Brooklynite answers “Brooklyn” when you ask

him where he is from, so he is already conditioned to such an individual identity as statehood would entail. The residents of Queens, Manhattan, the Bronx and Staten Island identify themselves only with that colorless generality, “New Yorker.”

There is still a lot of “state’s rights” type of thinking in the borough. This crops up especially when Brooklynites feel that their community isn’t getting its share of municipal benefits. There was a rash of this sentiment expressed *via* letters to the editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle* in the winter of 1947-48 when many sections of the borough went for weeks without adequate snow-removal measures while Manhattan enjoyed priority. Murmurs of secession can still be heard. In 1942, Princeton University prepared an impartial survey on the question of an independent Brooklyn. State Assemblyman Fred G. Moritt, Brooklyn Democrat, periodically introduces unsuccessful bills in Albany seeking an investigation to determine whether Brooklyn wouldn’t be better off on its own. Although a municipal divorce isn’t likely at this late date, the germ is still alive.

IV

Although most Brooklynites accept the jokes about the borough in good humor, there is a minority that thinks there is no prestige in being portrayed as ungrammatical, uncouth monsters who have nothing to do but root for the Dodgers and who get lost in their own neighborhoods because the street

system is a maze that would defy an educated laboratory rat. Few of the natives understand why Brooklyn has been singled out for its dubious distinction, but the explanation is simple. When vaudeville was the entertainment king years ago, comedians had stocks of humorously slighting remarks about suburbs and sections of the cities in which they played. Brooklyn was the joke butt for more sophisticated New York. A comic would explain, for example, that General Howe captured Brooklyn first so he could have a place to sleep while taking New York. When the movies and radio replaced vaudeville, making necessary entertainment with national appeal, the "local joke" largely lost its meaning. But the formula was too good to abandon altogether, so Brooklyn soon emerged as the joke target of the whole country, thanks to the fact that New York City is headquarters for a majority of those who influence the country through humor — cartoonists, columnists, songwriters, comedians, the radio industry, book and magazine publishers, etc. Sportswriters also played an important rôle and, in fact, had a head start on the movies and radio. They are always on the lookout for human interest angles with which to spice their stories, and it happens that the Brooklyn baseball club of the National League, the Dodgers, has had a disproportionate number of eccentrics on its roster in the past thirty years. Needless to say, these writers never hesitated to gild the

lily if the bare facts were not sufficient to make an entertaining story.

World War II also contributed to the Brooklyn gag. Brooklyn had 327,000 of its sons and daughters in uniform, a figure surpassed by only nine states. Wherever the war was, and it was everywhere, there were Brooklynites being kidded by their fellow-Americans and retorting in kind, usually proud of the attention given to their home town. There are foreigners in the byways of the world who will undoubtedly go to their graves believing that Brooklyn is not only the greatest state in the union, but also the national capital.

Much of the humor is based on the so-called Brooklyn accent, dominated by the peculiarity that turns the "oi" sound into "er" and vice versa. Actually, such speech is by no means peculiar to Brooklyn; you can hear it in any part of the New York area and in other large cities, especially in the East. It goes back to certain speech peculiarities of the Irish, Germans and others; and is a product of general speech slovenliness which is by no means confined to Brooklyn. The "Brooklyn dialect" is pretty much the same as the Boweryese so popular in songs, stories and plays fifty years and more ago. The same sort of speech used to be popularly attributed to hoboes.

Brooklyn's schools make a special effort to guide the speaking habits of their students, especially since many of them may be exposed at home to the speech influence of foreign-born

parents who have accents. The famous Boys High School, for example, issues a manual to its students which shows how to avoid "Brooklynese."

Of late there has been a sign or two that the Brooklyn joke may be fraying. The Dodgers have been devoid of "color" for at least two years, despite the fact that they won the National League pennant in 1947. The enforced absence of manager Leo Durocher that year resulted in the club being only "routine copy." Durocher was back for the first half of 1948, but he was only a silhouette of his former self, and, to make matters worse, the team was in a long slump. When Durocher departed for the New York Giants in July, the club was left without a single personality fit to carry the scrapbooks of such odd characters of the past as Babe Herman, Wilbert Robinson, Dazzy Vance, Pea Ridge Day, Casey Stengel, Van Lingle Mungo, Lefty O'Doul, Larry MacPhail and Fresco Thompson.

Even more significant may be the studio-audience reaction on radio programs. The volume of mingled cheers and jeers that greets a quiz participant who announces a Brooklyn address seems to have fallen off considerably of late. The audiences seem to be giving only an expected automatic reaction. There was a time when these demonstrations had real gusto behind them, when they didn't sound perfunctory.

The average Brooklynite may not be too aggrieved personally over being a

joke target, but he does have misgivings that this barrage will obscure Brooklyn's real qualities, which, the jokemakers may be surprised to know, actually include culture — culture from all parts of the world.

Brooklyn Heights today is a favorite residential sector for artists, sculptors, composers, writers and musicians, many of whom are not natives but who have found a spirit and quality about Brooklyn that is beneficial to their work. In the past, Walt Whitman was a Brooklyn resident and journalist for years, and it was Brooklyn that gave the world the first printing of his famous *Leaves of Grass*. Ernest Poole made Brooklyn harbor famous in his important novel, *The Harbor*, some thirty years ago. Your Brooklynite is as fond of actor William Bendix as the next one, but he doesn't want the impression to get around that all residents of the borough are cast in Bendix' make-believe mould. Brooklyn, he will remind you, can claim Jane Cowl, the late George Gershwin (a fact which his screen "biography" managed to ignore), Peggy Wood, the late Heywood Broun, Edward Everett Horton, opera star Robert Merrill and the Talmadge sisters, to name only a few accustomed to the limelight.

Brooklyn was the home of one of the first important film studios in the pioneer days of the movies. That was the old Vitagraph plant, as native Paul Kelly, today star of the Broadway stage hit *Command Decision*, can tell you because he started working

there as a kid. And it was Brooklyn also that gave the world that film revolution known as the "talkies," for it was in the Warner Brothers studio in the borough that Vitaphone was developed.

The borough has its own public library system, with a \$5 million central building that was opened only seven years ago. Prospect Park, consisting of 526 acres, ranks with the finest in the world. The nearby Botanic Garden is a center of research and education as well as a thing of beauty, and it is free to any who wants to enter. In the same locality is the Brooklyn Museum, visited by well over a million persons annually. The Museum is not only a repository for arts and crafts from all over the world, but it also is one of the most active educational centers in New York City. There are courses and lectures for both adults and children, concerts, motion pictures, folk festivals and demonstrations of art technique.

The Botanic Garden, the Museum and the Children's Museum were founded and are maintained by the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, which has been the leading cultural organization in the borough since 1823 when it was founded. The Institute also operates the Academy of Music where, from October to

May, there are daily lectures, concerts, recitals, forums and other attractions for the public.

Culturally, economically and politically, Brooklyn is fitted for statehood, and it has one other advantage should such an unlikely change of life come its way. It wouldn't have to scramble around to find a state flower. Brooklyn is the only local community in the country with an official blossom, *forsythia intermedia*, an offshoot of the olive family and thus symbolic of peace. Brooklyn has a Forsythia Day every March when the golden bell-like blossoms first appear as a harbinger of Spring. Borough President John Cashmore, who gave the forsythia official recognition in 1940, makes it the subject of an annual proclamation and there are appropriate ceremonies throughout the borough. Cashmore has said that the forsythia "signifies friendliness towards one's fellow men, the urge to be of great service to one another and of understanding kindness. . . . It may well be that if enough people listen to the message of Brooklyn's official flower the cause of world-wide peace will be advanced." And a Forsythia Day orator once said: "The forsythia is typically Brooklyn in that it strives to be first. It is the first to come out, the first to be known. It is hardy."



THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



That some people can read at sight

The doubt expressed in "The Skeptics' Corner" for July 1947, that certain people can, as claimed, read at sight would seem to have been silenced by the assertion of Paul Ford in his syndicated feature "Private Lives" (for May 25, 1948) that a Mr. Donald Gordon, who "reads like a flash," has read "about 30,000 books in 10 years." Mr. Gordon has read these books in the way of business, being a digester of books for a wholesale book dealer. He "rests up from this chore" by playing poker "and READING!"

In 1783 Samuel Johnson, writing in massive affability to little Sophia Thrale urged the child to work hard at her arithmetic for a reason which might well not have occurred to a mathematician — namely, that arithmetic was a trenchant weapon in conversation. "A thousand stories which the ignorant tell, and believe," he wrote, "die away at once when the computist takes them in his gripe."

Had Miss Thrale taken the sage's advice and had she lived to be 180 or thereabouts she might have entertained herself by computing that if Mr. Gordon's books averaged 300 pages he had read one page every 12 seconds for 10 hours a day, 6 days a week and 50 weeks a year throughout his strenuous decade. Startling as this conclusion is, it must fall short of actuality, for it allows no time whatever for making the digests and reports upon which his livelihood depends. And even though he skimmed his sleep, bolted his meals and went unshaven, he would still have very little time for his recreational reading.

In my earlier examination of "sight reading" I offered \$100 at odds of ten to one that no person could read even one sizable paragraph in five seconds. The offer stands.

That wild animals will adopt children if they don't have B.O.

Lovers of the higher lunacy will regret to learn from the Johannesburg *Star* that Luke, the baboon boy, is

dead. Although described by Dr. J. A. van Heerden, Medical Superintendent of the Alexandra Institution, as "just a low-grade imbecile," Luke (dignified to Lukas in the scientific journals) did all right for himself and for a while occupied a place in popular science just below that of Einstein and Bernarr McFadden.

It all began in 1904 when a fun-loving South African policeman told a solemn colleague that he had discovered Luke living among baboons. Luke found himself the center of a gratifying amount of attention and obligingly furnished whatever proofs the questioners seemed to desire. He showed a scar where an ostrich had kicked him and would eat cactuses, averring this was a taste which he had acquired in his baboon days. He became a minor upveldt wonder and was exhibited by his master to the curious. His fame was even enough to excite rivalry and for a while he was bothered with Ndola, who also claimed to have been reared by baboons, but Ndola was discredited and Luke had the credulous to himself.

Then he was discovered by the professors and presented to the learned world through *The American Journal of Psychology*. Thence he passed (no immense step) to Hearst's Sunday supplement and from there filtered down into the college textbooks to prove whatever theory each author wanted him to prove.

But now he is no more. He is gone. Baboons and psychologists must do what they can without him.

Even in his death, however, he served the great cause of unreason. Dr. van Heerden, pooh-poohing the story of Luke's childhood among the baboons, says the whole thing is preposterous: no baboon would adopt a Negro child, he insists, because "Baboons dislike the odor of Natives."

Folly crushed to earth will rise again.

That only man is vile

A Miss Estelle Brown, of Tucson, Arizona, expressed a common conviction when she wrote to the *Saturday Review of Literature* (June 5, 1948) to state — anent the Kinsey Report — that dogs were morally superior to human beings "since they practise neither sexual excesses nor perversion."

This conclusion seems based on a chain of reasoning something like this: animals are guided wholly by instinct; instinct is Nature speaking to her children; Nature and God are one; God is good; goodness consists in sexual repression; ergo dogs, God-guided, behave themselves in a manner approved by the Senior Auxiliary of the Ladies' Aid.

The only thing wrong about the conclusion is its complete lack of correspondence with the observable facts. The paucity of bitches in our communities and the tremendous competition for the few accidentally available at the propitious moment does, indeed, save the average dog from the sin of excess. But as for per-

version — well, if Miss Brown doesn't know how earnestly he tries, Tucson is to be congratulated on the efficiency of its dog catchers.

That the procedures of commerce are unsuited to religion

A doubt expressed earlier in "The Skeptics' Corner" (June 1948) of the suitability of religion's employing the methods of the market is rebuked by an event related by Moschus in the 195th chapter of *Pratum Spirituale*. Evagrius, a converted pagan, being assured that "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," gave Synesius, Bishop of Ptolemais, 300 pieces of gold to be spent in charity but demanded in return a promissory note payable in the afterlife, which note, as a sort of letter of credit, he had buried with him. Soon after his death he was, by chance, exhumed and the promissory note, clasped in his hand, was found to be endorsed as paid in full by Jesus Christ. This valuable autograph was long preserved in the church of Cyrene but has of recent centuries been regrettably mislaid.

That Negroes are bad drivers

It is interesting that the widespread charge that Negroes are bad drivers does not commonly include Negro chauffeurs. It may be — indeed, it is most likely — that the chauffeurs are a highly select group and comparatively free from the driving sins

ascribed to their race. But it is also possible that the uniform marks them as being "in their place" and hence mollifies white critics. And then there is the further possibility that Negro chauffeurs do not identify themselves with their employers' cars as closely as they would with their own cars.

Statistics on the relative merits of the driving of whites and Negroes are not available. It would be interesting to have them but it would be difficult to compile them. It is the off-the-record opinion, however, of all traffic cops questioned (white and Negro) and of officials of the Traffic Institute and of the National Safety Council that the popular prejudice has an element of justification, that Negroes are worse drivers than whites.

All who so expressed themselves, however, agreed that there was nothing racial about it. Negroes have fewer chances to learn to drive while young. They are likely to have a higher percentage of old, worn out cars with poorer brakes, horns, lights and windshield wipers. Their cars are more likely to be dangerously overcrowded with passengers and their nerves more likely to be rasped by the hostility of those who share the roads with them. They have difficulty getting good insurance and they are certain to find police and juries unfriendly.

Above all, the power and anonymity of a car and its close connection with one's pride and prestige, make it a tremendous instrument for releasing aggressions and resentments — and

the Negro has tremendous aggressions and resentments to release.

That birds fear aluminum owls

Corroboration of the belief that birds "instinctively" fear their "natural" enemies (or any reasonable facsimile of the same) comes now from West Allis, Wisconsin, where, the *New York Times* informs us, starlings which had "withstood hoses of the fire department and shotguns of the police" fled when aluminum owls were placed in the trees.

West Allis is to be congratulated and the municipal ecologist (or metallurgist) may expect to be called to larger, more bespattered fields.

He should be warned, however, that all birds do not seem to be as credulous as the starlings of West Allis. Springfield, Illinois, for example, found the pigeons on the State House roof as indifferent to the stuffed owls that were tied on the cornices to frighten them as they were to the outraged dignity of the legislators below.

Gilbert White, in *The Natural History of Selborne* (Letter XVIII), described a swallow's nest "built on the wings and body of an owl that happened by accident to hang dead and dry from the rafters of a barn."

That people have been buried alive while in cataleptic trances

In the December-January, 1947-48 issue of *Pageant* it is stated that no

less a person than Sir Walter Scott's mother had endured the inconvenience and indignity of being buried alive while in a cataleptic trance. The event is said to have taken place "in 1766, in a small hamlet in England" and Mrs. Scott to have owed her life to the fact that she had insisted on being buried with "priceless jewels" on her fingers. These jewels tempted grave robbers who eagerly dug her up before she had suffocated and fled when she sat upright in her coffin.

The heroine of *Pageant's* anecdote is described as "a beautiful young woman," whereas Mrs. Scott is said to have been short "and by no means comely." So perhaps it is a case of mistaken identity. Then it is difficult to know how she got down into England, since she was the daughter of an Edinburgh professor, was married and, so far as we know, lived her whole life in Scotland. Scott himself was communicative about his forbears to the point of being garrulous, he was fascinated by the eerie, and it is astonishing that there is no mention of this episode in his autobiography, in Lockhart's voluminous *Life* or in *The Dictionary of National Biography*.

When interrogated, the author of the article, Miss Helen Mavis Neal, a student of Journalism at the University of Missouri, said that it was "mere magazine filler." She was unable to recollect her source but believed that "there was a possibility of its accuracy."

Miss Neal has not mistaken her vocation.

THE ARMY AND VENEREAL DISEASE

BY JAMES A. TOBEY, DR. P.H.

SINCE the days of the American Revolution our Army, like armies everywhere, has been plagued by the problem of venereal disease. Until recently the problem never evoked a response that could plausibly be called adequate. It is true that as early as 1778 the Continental Congress passed a resolution to assess fines of \$10 on officers and \$4 on enlisted men who were found to be suffering from these maladies. But this legislation was adopted less for reasons of hygiene than for raising money. The clothing so urgently needed by the half-naked, cold and hungry troops commanded by Washington at Valley Forge was raised in part by these fines.

Statistics on the prevalence of venereal diseases in our Army have been kept faithfully by the Office of the Surgeon General since 1819, when that office was established. The statistics show that the success of anti-VD treatment has, by and large, been improving for the past 100 years. We had the highest rate in our history in 1867, immediately after the Civil War, when 215 out of every 1000

soldiers were infected. In the first World War the highest incidence of infection among our 4 million troops was 69 per 1000 for gonorrhea and 17 per 1000 for syphilis. By 1943, the year that mobilization for the second World War had been largely completed, the figure had been driven down to 28 per 1000, which is the best record ever achieved in the American Army.

This is not to suggest that the problem is solved, or even close to solution. Our over-all record during the second World War left much to be desired. In the whole period 1942-45 more than a million hospital cases of VD were reported in the American Army, with an average of some 250,000 a year. Some of these cases were repeaters, of course; we are not justified in saying that a million different soldiers had venereal infections. But to balance this, there may have been many unreported cases, and in any event the incidence of VD is still high enough to complicate the Army's manpower problem considerably.

The Army medical corps is by now

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skilled in predicting just when the Army is likely to have a high VD rate. When the majority of soldiers are engaged in active training or in combat operations the rate will be low. When they are serving as occupation troops, or are in the process of being demobilized, or for any reason are inactive over a period of time — then the rate of infection will be high. During most of the war the incidence of venereal disease was actually lower in the Army than in the civilian population. But since V-E Day there has been a spectacular jump in the rate of infection. In May 1946 five times as many of our European forces were being treated for VD as in the previous May. In the Far East the rate among our forces had more than tripled, and there was also a marked increase in this country. For the Army as a whole, the year after the end of the war saw the rate of venereal infection increase by some 250 per cent. (In extenuation, it might be noted that the homeless, half-starved women of Germany and Japan took to prostitution in droves, and solicited our troops rather more persistently than they would have in settled times.)

II

Early in 1947 the Army's venereal disease rate was the highest it had been in thirty years, and the Secretary of War (then Robert P. Patterson) decided that some drastic action was necessary. The first action was disciplinary. In an official communica-

tion dated January 31, 1947 the Secretary stated that a high incidence of venereal disease in a command would be regarded as a token of the commander's inefficiency; that special measures would be taken to eliminate officers and non-coms whose private lives were not exemplary; that enlisted men with VD would be confined to their unit areas for periods ranging up to 90 days; that passes would become difficult to get for those men who had shown themselves to be irresponsible; and that some of the worst offenders would be separated from the services. This program, the communication said, was to be put into effect at once.

To implement the program an Army Venereal Disease Control Council was established in the General Staff later in 1947. The Council consisted of the Inspector General, the Surgeon General, the Chief of Chaplains, the Chief of Special Services, the Chief of the Public Information Division, the Provost Marshal and (as chairman) the Director of Personnel and Administration. This high-level organization was paralleled by similar VD control councils on the lower echelons, in all posts, camps and stations. The new disciplinary action appears to have been successful: by the beginning of 1948 the incidence of VD had dropped by 40 per cent, so that it was now only slightly higher than it had been at the start of 1945, when infection was generally at a minimum. In the United States the rate of infection dropped by 50

per cent. (However, in the European theatre, where demoralization was evidently greatest, the rate remained three times what it had been in 1945.)

The success of the Army's new program is all the more remarkable in that anti-VD campaigns based on disciplinary measures have usually failed in the past. Beginning around 1909 — the year that the Surgeon General first brought the problem into the open — the Army tried punishment and penalization of offenders, and it tried so-called educational programs, designed mainly to scare the troops out of their wits as far as venereal disease was concerned. Neither of these techniques was at all successful. Then the Army began making prophylactics available to the soldiers, but these were not always effective, and frequently they were not even used. The new sulfa drugs and penicillin have made treatment more successful, of course, but they have also given many of the troops the idea that there are no longer any dangers from exposure — which is not always the case.

The present campaign against VD seems to have been successful because it combines the best features of the past programs. Together with the strict disciplinary measures against offenders, the Army relies on early diagnosis and prompt detection, on immediate hospitalization, on the use of the new drugs, and on a careful system of follow-ups in cooperation with civilian health authorities. Most

important, perhaps, an attempt is being made to provide facilities for recreation, so that the soldiers can be kept out of red-light districts and off the streets. The Army has learned that the chief danger of infection does not come from the professional prostitute, but rather from the amateur, the willing pick-up looking for a good time.

Beyond this there is probably very little that the Army can do. It should be made clear that the Army itself is not the breeding-ground for VD in most cases. Too many persons entertain the wholly false idea that most young men go into the Army in a state of innocence and virgin purity, and then acquire the habits of immorality as a result of their associations in the service. This is definitely not the case. Almost invariably, the sexual habits of men of military age have already been determined by the time they enter the Army. If they have been promiscuous in civil life they will continue to be promiscuous; and there is not much that the Army can do about it. If men entering the Army have been brought up in squalid, overcrowded, demoralizing environments they cannot be expected to change after putting on a uniform. For this reason the incidence of venereal disease is more than 1000 per cent greater among Negro troops than among white troops.

The Army's problem can be shown in the fact that at least half the soldiers who contract venereal disease during their period of service have a

history of previous infection in civilian life. When examination of the 15 million registrants began in 1940, Army doctors found that 2 per cent of the white and 22 per cent of the Negro men — or 5 per cent of the total — currently had some form of venereal disease.¹ In other words, considerably more than 750,000 young men were then infected. At first everyone suffering from VD, or from any other communicable disease, was rejected outright by the Army. In the autumn of 1942, however, the manpower situation became so acute that it was decided to accept venereal cases whenever they appeared susceptible to treatment. Special hospitals were established at 34 Army reception centers where about 288,000 drafted men were effectively treated for VD. A good many others who had previously been rejected, and who had been sent to private physicians, were also accepted now. Altogether, out of 4 million men who were steadily rejected by the Army during the war, only 289,000 — or 7 per cent — were VD cases.

III

Although venereal disease can, theoretically, be transmitted from one man to another through toilets, eating utensils, etc., the practical possibility of this happening is remote; and Army doctors are usually safe in assuming that any man who claims he became

infected by accident is lying. As a general rule the only way in which a soldier, or anybody else, becomes infected is the intimate, physical way. When a soldier does come down with VD the Army doctors will make every effort to find the source of the infection immediately. All the facts of the case, except the name of the soldier, are recorded on a special form which is then turned over to the local health officer. It then devolves on him to locate the responsible woman, examine her, isolate her and treat her. (Most states have laws providing for the examination and detention of all persons who can reasonably be suspected of being carriers of venereal disease, a category which includes all prostitutes.)

The problem is further simplified for the Army by the studies that have been made of "VD Prones," *i.e.*, of men who are identifiable in advance as types likely to become infected. These men are usually the younger, single males of less than average intelligence, who are unrestrained, care-free, easily influenced and inclined to get drunk. They possess strong sex drives which they have been satisfying, without much discrimination, since their adolescent years. Many of them will have records of arrests in civil life and courts martial in the Army. A venereal infection is not apt to mean much to them, and they will not learn from experience with VD. Needless to say, the Army is trying to rid itself of the "VD Prones."

¹The five venereal diseases are syphilis, gonorrhea, chancroid, granuloma inguinale and lymphogranuloma venereum.

In its education and indoctrination work the Army today is stressing the fact that continence is the only certain method of avoiding VD. The instruction, which is reiterated many times, is presented so that it will appeal to the intelligence and better impulses of men in the service. The work of getting the message across is no longer left to the top sergeants: chaplains and medical officers are also participating in the program. In the past, Army commanders have varied greatly in their attitudes toward VD and the morals of their men. A few of them have gone so far as to set up brothels, whose occupants would, in theory at least, be carefully supervised. Others have ruthlessly tried to eliminate the problem by imposing colossal penalties on soldiers who got infected. And still others, like an officer I knew in North Africa during World War II, are inclined to let events take their course without giving too much thought to the matter. This officer had no objection to his troops visiting the local bawdy house, until one day his opposite number in the French colonials paid him a visit. The French officer, who appeared to be a pious sort, intimated that the American troops' behavior was a

bad influence on his own men; he suggested that the house be placed off limits to Americans. Our man agreed and put through a ruling to this effect. It then developed that the French troops were giving the house a steady business — and that the colonial officer's only purpose had been to eliminate our competition.

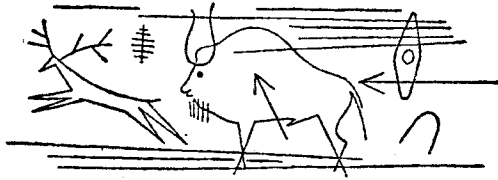
Adequate measures to repress commercialized prostitution in areas adjacent to Army camps are indispensable to any campaign against VD. In 1941 Congress passed the May Act, which prohibits prostitution in the vicinity of military and naval establishments, and wisely placed enforcement of the Act in the hands of the FBI. Before this Federal law was passed the Army had been pretty much helpless about banning prostitution; local enforcement was too often inefficient and corrupt. In 1946 Congress reenacted this legislation and made it permanent.

The Army is still far from solving the problem of venereal disease. But it has, at least, progressed to the point where the American soldier is less apt to become infected than the civilian in the same age category. Whether the Army can do more than that is problematical.



DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



THE PHOEBE

THERE are certain birds and animals that are peculiarly evocative of particular places and seasons. The liquid jingling song of a wood thrush is the very voice of the cool green depths of the summer woods: the places that smell of black leaf-mould and fungi and the rotting wood of fallen trees. Any man who has ever been in the heart of a woods can scarcely hear the song of a wood thrush, even in a zoological garden, without being transported back in vivid remembrance to that sylvan place. A wood thrush speaks for the forest; it is its voice. Similarly, the boisterous calling of a flock of blue jays is the very sound and symbol of the golden days of country autumn: those days of sailing cumulus clouds in the brilliant October sky, those days that smell of wood-smoke and hickory nuts and apples. To hear the calling of a loon is to be carried instantly to the great evergreen-bordered sweeps of the lonely northern lakes. To hear the qualling of a vixen is to experience

a conjuration of the March night its particular quality of pre-spring thaw and of the beginnings of the earth's stir of new life. Sights and sounds like these have each their peculiar potency and magic.

Perhaps the most powerful of all these evocative symbols is also one of the commonest. It is the small and unspectacular bird called a phoebe. What a phoebe means, and forever vividly evokes for every New Englander and indeed for nearly everyone in the eastern part of the country, is a farm. A phoebe means the visit to grandfather's, back in boyhood. It means the recollected smell, all mossiness and coolness, of the old well-house. It means the interior of an old barn, and the look of the cobwebby timbers and the smell of hay and harness. The sound of a phoebe calls up, as can no other sound, the rocking-chair on the farmhouse porch, and the smell of a butter churn, and the murmur of bees around the honeysuckle, and the look of the cows winding home across the rocky pasture to be milked. A phoebe says

all this. A man may be an urban financier, or an actor on tour in a far country, or a bishop mostly sequestered in his episcopal residence, but if ever in his boyhood he lived on a New England farm he will be carried back there instantly if he sees or hears a phoebe. He will be back by the bridge across the creek; he will be back in the shade of the great maple beside the lane; he will smell the smell of fresh milk frothing warm in the pail, and see the cats gathered expectantly in the cow-barn. A phoebe is the farm, and all that goes with it.

There are plenty of other kinds of birds on a farm, of course. Why does none of them have the phoebe's special association with it, and power to represent and evoke it? Probably it is because, though a man or a boy may pay no great attention to other kinds of birds on the farm, he cannot ignore the phoebe. A phoebe calls its own name nearly all day long, from well before sun-up, and calls it with the vigor of a shout. Phoebes fly under the farmhouse eaves and shout their name through the open windows. They build their nests in the well-house or in the barn or on the porch . . . in all sorts of places that cannot possibly be missed, so that phoebe life and human life are lived with great intimacy. Phoebes are forever swooping through the open barn door, or perching on the porch railing and crying their ringing "FEE-bee! FEE-bee!" or otherwise insisting on notice from even the most unob-

servant. Once noticed, a phoebe is not to be forgotten. It is a drably colored little bird, about bluebird size, with no striking distinction in its plumage of grayish olive and dull whites. But it has a mannerism. It never perches quietly like other birds. Under any and all circumstances, perpetually, it flips and twitches its tail up and down and sideways. It is small wonder that whatever other birds on a farm may go unnoticed or unremembered, the "twitchtail-bird" does not. Every farmer knows the phoebe, and every visitor to a farm has the phoebe pointed out to him. The names by which it may be pointed out are dozens, for farmers, after all, are not ornithologists. Phoebes are sometimes called pewees, sometimes beanbirds, sometimes bridge-birds. But by whatever name, they are a vivid part of the life of every farm, and their voice is forever the voice of it.

II

Phoebes come early in the spring — the forepart of March, or even the end of February — and they stay until late in the autumn, sometimes until nearly the end of October, before leaving to winter southward from Virginia to the Gulf states and Mexico. During this long season they commonly raise two broods of young, and in long warm summers they may even raise three. It depends largely upon the insect supply. Phoebes are flycatchers, and are almost wholly insectivorous.

When phoebes arrive in the spring there is ordinarily snow on the ground, and the birds must then subsist as best they can upon small seeds and wild berries. But normally their food is flies and beetles, locusts and caterpillars and the like. The affection of farmers for phoebes is not usually based upon an understanding of the enormous office performed by the birds in devouring insect pests; but such an understanding might well further deepen, if possible, the sentiment. Scientific dissection of phoebes has indicated the birds' nearly unique voraciousness for cankerworms, codling moths, strawberry weevils, elm leaf beetles, mosquitoes and corn leaf beetles. Further, phoebes have the useful habit of taking ticks from the backs of cattle.

Not the least endearing thing about phoebes is their devoted return each spring to the site of the nest of last year. On a sullen March day there is suddenly a loud calling of "FEE-bee! FEE-bee!," ringing over the farmstead, and, lo, there is the same little bird, with the same enthusiastically twitching tail, perching on exactly the same barn rafter or the same piece of porch trellis where it perched and built its nest and raised its family in the spring and summer days of last year. There is a kind of deep and touching reassurance about the event, a sense of steadfastness and continuum. Farmers who are not much moved by most of the small happenings in the world of nature are apt to be oddly stirred and pleased on that

day when the phoebe-bird comes back to its old home again.

Occasionally phoebes repair and re-use the last year's nest. More often a new nest is built close to the old one. Usually the female does the building, and her stuffs are mud, grass, various vegetable fibres, and nearly always a considerable quantity of moss and lichens. Once upon a time phoebes built their nests on the shelving faces of cliffs; but since their association with farming man they have changed their habits. Occasionally they still plaster a nest directly against a wall; but most commonly they like to build on a projection over which there is substantial cover. A beam or bracket under a bridge, a ledge under the roof of the well-house or porch, a cornice of the farmhouse . . . all these are favorite places.

The four or five white eggs are incubated by both male and female phoebe, and both birds take part in feeding the young which hatch about two weeks later. Male phoebes, in the mating season, supplement their calls of "FEE-bee! FEE-bee!" with a phoebe-version of a flight-song. They flutter in erratic aerial circles, twittering tumultuously; they fly to a height and descend again, mingling their usual cry with a variety of squeakings and trillings. It is not musical, but in its own foolish little way is a rather lovely thing to see and hear.

The baby phoebes are ready to leave the nest about two weeks after the time of their hatching, if they sur-

ive the special and frequent hazard that besets them. That hazard is mites. Phoebes are not themselves more infested with parasites than other wild birds; but it is their common habit to line the nest with a soft quilting of chicken feathers which they pick up in the barnyard. In the process, they are likely to bring into the nest a horde of tiny red fowl-mites. A population of mites which may not be enough to discommode a chicken can be fatal to a nestful of infant phoebes, huddled in the warm confinement of their cup of mud and moss.

Young phoebes, when the time for flying comes, are uncommonly strong and competent in the air. They make a weak little tentative flutter to some nearby branch or to the ground. Often their first flight may be a vigorous one of a hundred yards or more. For unknown reasons, and to the distress of people unfamiliar with the habit, they are very likely to fly from the nest in a downpour of rain. It harms them not at all.

Within just a day or two of the young phoebes' flying, the mother bird has begun the building of a nest for her next brood. The feeding of the youngsters of the first brood is taken over by the male. Sometimes, for the second brood, the first nest is simply strengthened and repaired; and, very rarely, the same nest may even be used for a third brood late in the summer. If, however, the first nest has a heavy infestation of mites, the female phoebe invariably builds anew. Such infestation being commoner than not,

there are likely to be by the end of the summer three nests all within a few feet of one another in the same barn or under the same porch eaves.

The life story of phoebes is not spectacular. The song of the bird is no song at all, and its colors are of no gaudy splendor. A phoebe is just a small drab thing, with a voice that can be piercingly raucous and monotonous and with a grotesque habit of anticlinal flipping and twitching and jerking its undistinguished tail. But phoebes are found where the magical delights of boyhood are also found: in that gloriously smelling and enormously exciting place that is the interior of a barn, in that sweetly cool and mossy-scented place that is the inside of a well-house or spring-house, under the eaves of that bee-murmurous and honeysuckle-fragrant place that was the farmhouse porch of everyman's grandfather, when everyman was a boy. As an eagle is more than a bird — being in addition a whole mood of majesty and wilderness and patriotism and power — so is the small phoebe very much more than a bird. It is the smell of the wood-smoke from the farmhouse stove, and the way the sunlight looks when it slants across the meadows and the cattle, and it is everything else that makes a farm. A phoebe is drab and dull and possibly even a little ludicrous, as just a bird. But it serves a mind uniquely a special recollection. There is very possibly not another bird so loved in all America.

BUNCO KELLY, KING OF THE CRIMPS

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

THE business of crimping is still given notice in virtually all dictionaries, but it rightly belongs there only as an antique or obsolete reference. The great days of crimping ended when the winged ship passed from the seas. A crimp, says a recently compiled lexicon, is an agent who procures seamen by inducing, swindling, or coercing them.

A crimp used to do that, and a likely candidate for the title of King of the Crimps would certainly be the late and wonderful Joseph (Bunco) Kelly of Portland, Oregon. Kelly was something of an historical character in a minor way. His work was of such dimensions and quality that it touched off a Federal investigation of the ports of the West Coast of America, and the varied and interesting practices of keepers of sailors' boarding houses.

Bunco Kelly was born in Liverpool, England, in 1838. He went to sea at an early age, first as cabin boy, later as an able seaman. And then one day, in 1879, when his ship was lying idle in Portland harbor, he went over the side. He was destined to become an outstanding and eminently notorious citizen in that community.

Kelly was a short, squat man, constructed along the lines of a gorilla,

even to his long powerful arms, and was probably almost as strong as the animal. In police and other photographs he displays a truly gorgeous moustache of the weeping-willow sort. In Portland he fell easily into the waterfront life, and was soon procuring seamen for short-handed ships in harbor; and although from time to time he operated his own boarding house for sailors, he was mainly a sort of free-lance crimp for other outfits. He was certainly never idle, and doubt that the term "dissolute" could be applied to him. He was too much the good businessman for that. And I am not certain but that he was also an artist, for the magnificent imagination he applied to his occupation was nothing short of creative. I like to contemplate the night from which stemmed his nickname of Bunco.

It was a night and a scene sombre enough for a Poe — a wild Sunday evening in late October. The wind howled down out of the Cascade Mountains and whipped great sheets of chilly rain across Portland harbor. Ships in the stream pulled at the anchors, and the hawsers of vessels moored at the docks creaked in protest. Few folk were about in Portland's rough waterfront district.

Yet Joseph Kelly was about. The

kipper of a five-masted British ship at dock was ready to sail. He wanted one more able seaman and he had demanded that Kelly produce this commodity. So, the squat figure moved along the skidroad, the haunts of sailors and lumberjacks, looking for a possible candidate. There were none, not in Erickson's, nor in Blazier's, nor in the Ivy Green, the Senate or Larry Sullivan's boarding house.

It must have been discouraging to a man proud of his calling, a man who claimed never to have let a skipper down. So, Kelly stood at the corner of First and Glison Streets, wondering where to try next. Across the street was Wildman's cigar store, with the wooden Indian which Wildman had set on the sidewalk to face the elements. For a moment Kelly mused. Then he went into action.

Picking up the noble-looking cedar edman, all of six feet six inches high, he packed it away to the Mersey dock where, from a warehouse somebody had neglected to lock, he procured a piece of old tarpaulin. Kelly wrapped the figure in this, then set forth into the storm, the huge package on his shoulder. He walked up the gangplank of the British ship and straight into the forecastle. Finding an empty bunk, he managed to get the vast form into it, then covered it with blankets.

Kelly went to the skipper. "I got our man," he said with great satisfaction. "He's pretty drunk, but he's a big son-of-a-bitch, and he'll make out a good man." The skipper was

highly pleased. He gave Kelly \$50 and his blessing.

Two days later, the Finn salmon fisherman of Astoria, a hundred-odd miles down the Columbia from Portland, were astonished to drag in their nets and find a cedar Indian amid the struggling fish.

II

From this feat came the "Bunco" in Kelly's name. The fakery might have ruined the reputation of a lesser man, but it did not hurt Kelly. He really did produce seamen when requested, or at least persons who soon became seamen. Visiting skippers found him, on the whole, to be reliable, and came to him again and again. What made crimps possible in those days, and even necessary, was the system used by sailing ships. Vessels would come to Portland in ballast, that is, with their holds filled with sand or stones. They would empty this ballast in the Linn-ton district along the waterfront, and then tie up in harbor to wait for a cargo of lumber or wheat to carry abroad. Often they'd be lying there anywhere from two to five months. Rather than pay and feed their large crews all this time, the skippers let some or all of them go over the side, as the saying has it, and into Portland. By thus deserting, the crewmen lost all rights to any pay they had coming. Bunco Kelly and others would board them. When a ship was ready to sail, the skipper hired Bunco, or another man in the business, to furnish a crew. For this the crimps

were paid blood-money ranging from \$30 to \$60 a head, plus board-and-room charges, which the skippers would deduct from the sailors' pay.

By 1882 Bunco Kelly had a boarding house of his own, but his truly great success lay in the continuous public relations campaign he carried on with the madams of assorted "hotels" and drinking places. He was never too pressed to do an errand for Liverpool Liz, owner of the Senate saloon and a very prosperous woman to boot. And Bunco was charming and helpful to Nancy Boggs, who operated a whisky-scow in the harbor and did very well with this floating palace of entertainment for lusty males. Both Liz and Nancy put dozens of prospects into the competent and prehensile hands of Mr. Kelly. There was also dainty Mary Cook, weighing 200 pounds, who operated the Ivy Green, an establishment I shall not attempt to describe, and who did her own bouncing. On one occasion Mary supplied sixteen men, all deep in liquor, to Bunco, and when they awoke they could look out the portholes and learn they had gone to sea. Bunco was grateful for these courtesies and he always repaid them in some manner, usually by herding sailors set on shore into the arms of Mary and her like.

There was, however, pretty stiff competition in the crimping business of the eighties and nineties. One Jim Turk had a boarding house. He carried a gold-headed cane and was something of a ward boss in the North

End, receiving many political and police favors which did not come to Kelly. A local prize fighter named Larry Sullivan opened another boarding house and went to crimping in efficient style. There was also the house operated by the Grants and another by the Whites. Bunco Kelly had to be up and coming to hold his own. It was probably the stiff competition that induced Kelly, in a bad moment, into the unfortunate affair of the *Flying Prince*.

III

The time was late in 1893. The *Flying Prince*, a big sailing ship of British register, was in Portland harbor loaded to the gunnals with Douglas fir lumber, and ready to sail except for one thing: Her crew, the captain figured, was short twenty-two men. He put the matter up to Bunco Kelly. Times were hard, he said, but he promised Kelly \$30 a head for as many men he could put aboard, before morning daylight.

Bunco made the usual rounds, starting at Liverpool Liz' place, going on to Erickson's saloon, then to Mary Cook's. Next he started for the South End of the waterfront. It was an evening. The driving rain beat down upon the squat, rather sinister figure as it moved along Front Street. Just before he reached Morrison Street where stood the Snug Harbor saloon he noticed an open trapdoor in the sidewalk. (Portland neither had nor has alleys such as most cities have for deliveries of merchandise and su-

things are often made through trap doors in the sidewalks, that lead to cellars.)

Now, doors such as this should not be left open at night. And besides, Bunco Kelly was no man to pass up an open door without investigation. Moreover, a peculiar odor emanated from this particular trapdoor. It welled up out of the blackness beneath, pungent, powerful, strange. Bunco Kelly, whose knowledge of chemicals was limited to the ingredients of Kelly's Comforters, a knock-out mixture he had used with great success, thought he had smelled something like this aroma before, but for the life of him he couldn't say where. He sniffed carefully. He did not like the smell, but he was a curious man. He prepared to descend into the dark.

"In those days," Bunco Kelly later told Spider Johnson, who in turn told me, "in those days, I always carried a small dark lantern under my coat. I got it out and lighted, and threw a beam below. I couldn't see nothing but the little ladder disappearing into the darkness." Bunco was game, however, and he went slowly down into what he described as the damndest reek he ever hoped to suffer. He saw at once that the room was not wholly in darkness. A candle spluttered on a keg, and the scene its dim light revealed to Bunco Kelly was one he never forgot. "My hair," he related to Spider Johnson, "was pretty thin, but the few hairs I had stood up and pushed my cap into the air."

On the floor near the ladder lay a

man. He was alive but not in the best of health. He was gasping, and every little while made as if to clutch at his throat. "What's the matter?" Bunco asked him. The man seemed to hear. He lifted his head a bit, tried to say something, but couldn't.

Bunco now let his dark lantern play around the room. Propped against one of many barrels were three men — doubtless corpses, Bunco surmised. Their mouths were open, and so were their eyes, but they were not seeing anything. Lying or drooping in odd postures all over the place were other men. Kelly counted 24 all told. Going from one to another, placing his hand on their brows and listening, he came to the conclusion, hurriedly, that at least a third of them still lived. Still, he could not be sure, for he thought that as he watched one of the men gave a deep heave and died.

"I was pretty startled at first," Kelly admitted later in something of a conservative statement. But he got his nerve back quickly. He turned his attention to one of the barrels, from the bung of which a liquid was dripping. He caught some of it in his hand. It was very cold. He sniffed it and it rocked him back on his heels. In fact, the sniff nearly floored him. He quickly went up the ladder to the street. The air soon cleared his dizziness, and his usually quick mind. "By God!" he remarked to nobody in particular, as the true significance of the business struck him, "them stiff's has been drinking undertaker's dope."

It was true enough, too. Johnson &

Sons' Undertaking Parlors were just next door to the Snug Harbor saloon. These men had broken into what they thought was the saloon's cellar, which happened to be the cellar of Johnson & Sons. The embalming fluid had proved too stout even for men accustomed to the vilest booze.

Without stopping to draw a moral from the sardonic tragedy, or even to notify the police, Bunco went into sudden and efficient action. He closed the big trapdoor, lest some watchman find it open, and then tore for the North End of town as fast as his short legs could carry him against wind and rain. He went directly to The Mariners' Rest, as he chose to call the old warehouse he had converted into a boarding place for sailors. From here he sent a boy on the dead run to fetch a cab. He roused four or five old friends, bar-flies whom he permitted to sleep in his place, and bade them gird their loins. "No sleep in the house tonight, boys," he said.

Back came the boy with a cab. Kelly and his crew piled into it and sped away over the cobblestones, stopping at the Fashion Livery & Feed Stable, where Bunco asked for five more cabs to hurry to Front and Morrison Streets.

It was now well after midnight. The storm was increasing, which pleased Kelly; there was not likely to be so much as a cop on the street. The rain had turned to sleet that stung, for the wind was rising steadily. It was just the right kind of night for the apex in the professional career of Bunco Kelly.

Dark lantern in hand, Kelly led his crew down the ladder, advising them to breathe as little as possible. The stench at first stopped a couple of the helpers, but Kelly threatened to toss them out of his boarding house if they didn't perform like men. "Briskly, now, lads, briskly," Kelly commanded. "We'll lift these boys up the ladder and put them into the cabs."

It was hard work, and it went all too slowly until Kelly suddenly became generous. "Five dollars in gold to each of you," he told his aides, "as soon as these sailors are aboard ship." The promise proved a fine stimulant. Heaving with a will, the Kelly men passed the dead and dying up the ladder, and into the waiting cabs. Up came Kelly. He didn't even stop to close the trap but leaped into the first cab. "Drive," he told the hackman, "as fast as you can to Ainsworth dock." And away went a procession that would have pleased Ambrose Bierce and E. A. Poe no more than it did Joseph Kelly — sparks from hooves and wheels lighting the night, the dead rolling against the living, the wind howling across the harbor, and the hulk of the *Flying Prince*, looming darker than the night, standing there at dock, awaiting twenty-two able seamen.

By half-past one fourteen corpses and ten men who were very ill had been stowed away snugly in the *Flying Prince's* forecastle, bound out for China.

Bunco Kelly had to explain to the skipper, which he did plausibly, how

he had come by his men in one batch; and to argue with the skipper that he had asked for 24, not 22, sailors. The captain was so well pleased to leave with a full crew he did not argue. "I never saw so many men drunk at one time," he remarked, but he counted out \$30 each for two dozen men.

"Yes, sir," agreed Kelly genially, "they are godawful drunk, and getting them so cost me a pretty penny." Putting the cash into his pocket he bade the skipper farewell. "And don't forget, sir," he said, "Bunco Kelly is a man who always keeps his promises."

At dawn the *Flying Prince* cast off and headed down the Columbia for the open sea. Long before noon the first mate made the hideous discovery in the forecastle. The ship put in at Astoria, where the corpses were recovered. Astoria newspapermen soon had the story on the wires.

The sensation following the discovery of the dead men made a great impus in Portland. Preachers reonstrated that the city was in a moral decay. They attacked the politicians and the police. There was the usual police shakeup, with a few cops being moved here and there, and the chief ordered strict regulation of sailors' boarding houses. Kelly, Sullivan and other Portland crimps were merely questioned about the load of corpses. Nobody was charged with murder or anything else. But on a different occasion Bunco Kelly *was* argued with murder.

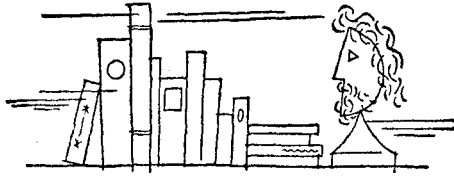
Kelly's last affair started coming to

light on the morning of October 5, 1894, when Patrolman Ben Branch, walking his waterfront beat in Portland, hauled a corpse out of the harbor. It was the body of George M. Sayres, long reported missing. The body showed many marks of violence. Police arrested Bunco Kelly who, naturally enough, had an alibi. But the alibi did not hold up in court. Kelly was convicted of having killed Sayres in an attempt to shanghai him. He was sent to the Oregon state penitentiary, where he spent fourteen long years before he was finally pardoned.

Kelly's trial did bring out a great deal of evidence as to the underworld of Portland's waterfront. Federal officials having to do with ships and shipping came to Portland to investigate the charges Kelly had made when he was trying to clear himself by implicating others in the crimping racket. They are said to have made recommendations that resulted in greatly improved conditions for sailors. But I doubt that any of the regulations had much to do with the disappearance of crimping. It was the steamship that put an end to the racket. When steam drove all but a few sail from the seas, around the turn of the century, the end was near. Less than half the crew of a windjammer was needed to man a steam vessel.

So, Bunco Kelly went to prison just in time. Technological displacement of sailors was something with which not even a man of Kelly's genius could have competed.

THE LIBRARY



THE SOUTH AND CURRENT LITERATURE

by IRVING HOWE

IT IS interesting that the liveliest center of literary work in this country during the past few decades has been in the South. The term "Southern writing" has become an accepted descriptive in literary discussions, though it has often been so used as to suggest little more than the work of a writer born below the Mason-Dixon line or a novel with a Southern locale. More recently, it has been used to refer to the work, not so much of well-known writers like Caldwell and Faulkner, but of a group of writers, centered around the now defunct *Southern Review* and its successor *Sewanee Review*, of whom the most representative figures are Robert Penn Warren, Allen Tate and John Crowe Ransom.

Here at hand are six books — three novels, two short-story collections and an anthology — in which one can

observe the distinctive "Southern quality." For the reviewer the represent a considerable problem. How, in a few thousand words, one not only to report on the matter in each book, but also to risk a more ambitious fraction of the critic's job: the definition of the cultural trend of which these books are part and the evaluation of both these specimens and the trend itself? Under the circumstances, an obviously impossible task; and hence, what follows may be taken merely as notes for a not-yet-written critical analysis of Southern fiction.

Ersine Caldwell's latest novel, *This Very Earth* [\$3, Duell, Sloan Pearce], is so bad that one wonders how both author and publisher could have been so indifferent to critical standards as to permit its publication. To be blunt: the novel is a catastrophe.

In the past, Caldwell's major gift has been his grotesque comic sense; his weird but fruitful readiness

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treat with harsh humor situations that other writers might find merely pathetic or repugnant. The very incongruity of his creative perspective became a shrewd strategy for edging into tragic perceptions that he could not render directly. Through his crude but high-spirited obsession with the sub-human, he made significant imaginative observations about human existence in the South.

Caldwell was especially talented at writing precisely-recorded dialogue in which he employed the corrupt poetry of Southern folk rhetoric: its uneasy blend of obscenity and sentiment, its rural coarseness conveyed through wonderfully fresh nature images, and its gnarled, fugitive rhythms — as distinct from the "official" Southern rhetoric, with its flowing periods and sustained elocutionism.

In *This Very Earth*, however, there is not an echo of his former talents. The novel is a report on the disintegration of a town family prematurely uprooted from the soil: the father a lazy idler; one daughter a bitch who sells herself to a politician; another daughter a simpering masochist killed by a brutal husband. This situation, for the early Caldwell, might not have been impossible. But *This Very Earth* is written in a glazed, cataleptic prose in which there is not the slightest modulation of tone or change of pace for emotional effects, not the slightest shaping of dialogue to the psychological contours of the characters. It is as if the author were writing in a

trance and stuttering out a denuded précis of his usual materials. There is here neither tragedy nor comedy, neither emotional statement nor climax; the prose is as colorless and neutral, as *unworked*, as an Army document. Since there has always been a streak of cheap sensationalism in Caldwell's work, the present loss of his major redeeming gift — his use of Southern folk rhetoric in incongruous patterns — results in a novel that not many pulp magazines would accept if its author were unknown.

How to explain this spectacular disintegration of Caldwell's talent? The influence of Stalinism with its totalitarian habits of mind? A desire to cash in quickly while the cashing is good? Or some more subtle and treacherous internal collapse of his creative impulse, already observable in his recent book; some perilous self-dispersal of talent? Frankly, I cannot say, and at the moment it hardly matters, for the sheer fact of the collapse is itself so overwhelming. It is as if one could see nothing but an endlessly barren desert piled with bleached and ugly bones. . . .

II

When we come to William Faulkner's new novel, *Intruder in the Dust* [\$3, Random House], we are in the presence of an important, if imperfect, work of art. We have before us the labor of a writer who has refused all the beckoning stereotypes and instead gone along his own, and as he might

describe it, *intractable* way. Unlike most of the American writers who reached their fame in the early twenties or late thirties, Faulkner has continued to enrich his talent, restlessly experimenting and exploring the Gothic recesses of his imagination.

Intruder in the Dust is, as a narrative, simpler than most of Faulkner's previous novels. It is concentrated on one central symbolic event, a lynching which never quite materializes — certainly an appropriate symbol for a novel that aspires, as this one does, to be an encompassing fable of Southern society. (A more appropriate and dramatic symbol, incidentally, than an actual lynching; for the terror of Southern life is in its possibilities rather than its infrequent climaxes.) The novel's central figure is a Negro, Lucas Beauchamp, one of the most powerful characters in contemporary American fiction: "solitary, kinless and intractable, apparently not only without friends even in his own race but proud of it." Lucas has some white blood in him, but actually he belongs neither to the whites nor the blacks; he neither accepts white society nor rebels against it; he neither cringes nor defies; he rather gives it its ultimate due: *he ignores it*. Powerful and slow, suggesting a natural dignity that leaves the whites sullen and irritated, carrying himself like a man whose foci of attention are, properly enough, the earth and himself rather than society, Lucas Beauchamp is a symbol of what Faulkner considers the Negroes' greatest quality: their

endurance. In one of his stories, "The Bear," Faulkner has written of the Negroes: "Because they will endure. They are better than we are. Stronger than we are. Their vices are aped from white men or what white men and bondage have taught them. . . . And their virtues — Endurance . . . and pity and tolerance and forbearance and fidelity and love of children . . . whether their own or not, or black or not." This is the theme, then, that is carried into and further developed in *Intruder in the Dust*.

As counterpoint to Lucas there is a sixteen-year-old white boy, Charles, who as a child had once been helped by Lucas and has since then held ambivalent feelings towards him. He admires the Negro's power and dignity, his sheer independence of environment; but at the same time he feels vaguely dispossessed by Lucas of his budding but not quite secure sense of racial superiority.

The story comes to a boil when Lucas is accused of having murdered a white man under circumstances that seem to leave no doubt of his guilt. A lynching is expected soon; the Negroes go into hiding; Lucas alone remains stolidly indifferent, for all they can take is his life; but the white boy, still not fully pressed into the adult mold of hatred, hopes that Lucas will be saved, even as he feels a subterranean pleasure in the thought that the proud Negro may tomorrow be burned in gasoline. But on a hint from Lucas the boy goes off on a wild chase, disinterring the body of

the murdered white man and thereby helping to prove that Lucas is innocent.

Faulkner has never created better, more multi-dimensional, more *reverberating* characters than in this novel. There is almost no trace of his previous strained caricatures and sentimental idealizations (*Sanctuary* and *Sartoris*.) And the meanings of the story, complex and criss-crossed, are beautifully designed into its narrative fabric. On one level the story is about a boy's initiation into experience: his struggle to break out of the innocence in which his fond family holds him and to approach the sinister areas of adult experience (his illegal nocturnal exploration of coffins, the possible lynching, Lucas' seeming guilt). On another level the story is a tribute to the Southern Negro, the fixed point around which Southern white society excitedly fluctuates. And on still another level the story is an exhortatory fable of Southern life: the union of the old and patient Negro with the young and innocent white boy not yet corrupted in the ways of his fathers, Faulkner seems to be saying, will cleanse the land of its bloody and evil heritage.

This symbolic pattern is developed by a subtle narrative technique that few other American writers can employ. The story moves along three narrative channels: the bare events frugally reported; the white boy's involvement in and reaction to those events; and, most important of all, a loping rhetoric reverie which is

probably the voice of Faulkner himself and which covers the bones of the narrative with a thick, twining tapestry of language and reflection.

Intruder in the Dust brings to a climax a number of tendencies in Faulkner's work. In terms of characterization, it is at least the equal of anything he has done. Though not so brilliant an experiment in polyphonic plot devices as *The Sound and the Fury*, it is not nearly so thin or sensational an allegory as *Sanctuary*. Its importance for Faulkner's total achievement seems to me to lie in two directions: rhetoric and politics.

Here is the most gargantuan proliferation of the rhetoric which, from book to book, has swollen into an ever richer, more gorgeous and more uncontrolled flood of language. His sentences run for pages, with complex parentheses and intrusions. His elaboration of what I have called the "official" Southern rhetoric (as distinct from Caldwell's rhetoric which is the poor-white's modification of the "official" kind) is full of echoes of Ciceronian orations to state legislatures and of decayed Shakespearian-Melvilian poetry — all shaped into a legitimate esthetic means by Faulkner's overpowering creative energy. This is not the rhetoric of a moonstruck schoolboy like Thomas Wolfe; it is the rhetoric of an unbearably intense and involuted imagination, a fallen and grieved mind which knows the inner springs of all that is evil in man. One may ultimately reject this rhetoric — I confess that it often

leaves me wearied and sated; but one cannot dismiss it as insignificant or callow.

At its worst, of course, it can be very bad:

closed the last carborundum-grooved door upon their own progenitorless apotheosis behind one clockless lock responsive only to the last stroke of eternity. . . .

But at its best, it creates these magnificent lines about the Negro:

you just didn't see them — a sense a feeling of their constant presence and nearness: black men and women and children breathing and waiting inside their barred and shuttered houses, not crouching cringing shrinking, not in anger and not quite in fear: just waiting, biding since theirs was an armament which the white man could not match nor — if he but knew it — even cope with: patience . . . this land was a desert and a witness . . . of the deliberate turning as with one back of the whole dark people on which the very economy of the land itself was founded, not in heat or anger nor even regret but in one irremediable invincible inflexible repudiation, upon not a racial outrage but a human shame.

And then the politics. In no book has Faulkner been more explicit about his solution to the twisted mess of Southern life: "I only say the injustice is ours, the South's. We must expiate it and abolish it ourselves, alone and without help nor even (with thanks) advice. We owe this to Lucas whether he wants it or not." Once, says Faulkner, the South has freed the Negro, "together we would dominate the United States." (What for?, one

wonders, and on what common basis?) As a political idea, this seems to me rather feeble, to put it mildly; it is further evidence, if any were needed, that Faulkner's imagination is more fertile than his intellect. But since the idea itself will be discussed later, suffice it here merely to note the interesting fact that as Faulkner's idea of the South has become more explicit his rhetoric has become denser. What this relationship means remains to be seen.

Finally: it would be impossible to leave this novel without saying that anyone interested in American writing, the real American writing that manages to poke its way through the weeds of commerce and deceit, cannot let it go unread.

III

Though Caldwell and Faulkner are the two best-known Southern writers, neither has been directly associated with the literary regroupment which has taken place in the South under the leadership of Tate and Ransom. This latter group has produced no first-rate novelist on a par with Faulkner or the earlier Hemingway, but it has given us a considerable poetic production of high quality and an intense, burrowing criticism. For this group, Caldwell and Faulkner occupy sharply contrasting positions: the former has been repudiated and the latter is a revered ancestor.

The Southern writers have worked in terms of several loyalties: they have combined a hot-house classicism

in criticism, borrowed from T. S. Eliot; intense exercises in the Donne manner in poetry; agrarianism in political philosophy; and allegiance to the Southern Myth as a central source of historical, or supra-historical, inspiration. To understand Southern fiction, our main subject here, we shall have to glance briefly at the latter two: agrarianism and the Southern Myth.

During the thirties the Southern intellectuals produced two political anthologies, *I'll Take My Stand* and *Who Owns America?*, in which they argued eloquently against the evils of corporate industrialism and called for a return to a small producers' economy based on independent farmers and artisans. "All great cultures have been rooted in free peasantries," wrote Allen Tate, the most powerful Southern polemist.

As an actual political program, the Southern intellectuals well knew, agrarianism was a lost cause, since it tried to block the unavoidable development of technology and "machino-facture" on which modern society is based. The critics of agrarianism pointed out, and I think correctly, that the problem was not how to return to a small producers' society from an urban industrial society, but rather how to use the machine to gain the maximum possibility for a decent life for the largest number of people. But the agrarianism of the Southern intellectuals is, I think, merely an aspect of a larger belief: their faith in the Southern

Myth. Just what this myth is one cannot say too easily, even after reading the Southern writers. But that it functions as a powerful influence in the minds of these writers, from Faulkner down, is indisputable.

In his *Reactionary Essays on Poetry and Ideas*, Allen Tate has written that "The South clings blindly to forms of European feeling and conduct that were crushed by the French Revolution." Where else, he asked, "outside of the South, is there a society that believes even covertly in the Code of Honor?" For those who might skeptically wonder how this Code manifests itself in the South, it should be remembered that the Southern intellectuals feel the Southern Myth to be a fragmentary tradition of aristocratic forms and moral nobilities rather than a description of actual life in the South today. On another occasion, Tate wrote in the *Virginia Quarterly Review* (Spring 1945) that "the Southern subject is the destruction by war and the later degradation of the South by carpetbaggers and scalawags, and a consequent lack of moral force and imagination in the cynical materialism of the New South" — as well as, it might be added, in its aping of the ways of the industrial North.

In a recently published anthology, *A Southern Vanguard* [\$4.50, Prentice-Hall], there are several essays that further elaborate the Southern Myth. One of them, oddly enough, is by a plantation aristocrat from Manitoba, Canada, Herbert McLuhan, who

writes with the unmodulated zeal of a convert. He begins with several fantastic statements about the "New England mind," whatever that might be: "The *essential* impatience and rebellion of the New England mind disqualifies it for political and artistic functions." And "the trouble with the New England mind has always been its ignorance of its own history." (Shades of Hawthorne, Melville, Henry Adams!)

The South, on the other hand, has had "no curtailment of the full Renaissance flavor of the gentlemanly code." For "one main condition of aristocratic life was present in the South and not in the North — personal responsibility to other human beings for education and material welfare." (Is this, by chance, a reference to chattel slavery?) Since the Civil War, the South has adopted the ethics of the industrial North, of the "little sub-men, the Hollow Men, of Dos Passos, Fitzgerald and Hemingway."

Another essayist, Louis Wright, claims that the so-called Negro problem would have long ago been solved had not Northern trouble-makers interfered by demanding a drastic solution. (It is perhaps easier for Mr. Wright to be patient about this matter than for Negroes.) Here, it should be noticed, is the same notion that we found in Faulkner's novel.

In a more subtle vein, Robert Heilman insists that Southern intellectuals are critical of the South, but that they do not want it to bite into

the Northern "apple of (industrial) conformity." Heilman finds the southern ethos based on "an aristocratic stability" superior to Northern wage labor and big city mass culture.

Now one does not, cannot, argue with a myth, for it is deeply embedded in a people's life and beyond rational persuasion. But of the intellectual defenders of a myth it is appropriate to ask a few questions:

Is it not likely that the aristocratic tradition they so admire was inseparable from chattel slavery, which they reject; that is, that the aristocratic virtues, such as they were, could be cultivated by plantation owners only because the labor of slaves granted them the requisite leisure?

Why should so intelligent a man as Mr. Heilman assume that the critics of Southern institutions necessarily approve of Northern evils? Is conformity, Northern or Southern, the only "apple" to bite into?

If, as both Wright and Faulkner claim, the full liberation of the Negro is the job of the South alone, why has the South not done so, if only once and for all to call the bluff of "Northern troublemakers?"

I have raised these questions not to engage in political polemics but to indicate the difficulties inhering in the Southern Myth as it informs the work of the novelists under discussion here. For, as sensitive writers, at least some of them cannot always close their eyes to the internal rifts and dubious assumptions of their sustaining myth.

IV

It is precisely this latter feeling — a tense ambivalence towards the Southern Myth, an ingrained acceptance and cultivated doubt — that seems to run through Robert Penn Warren's fiction and lift it to a level of excitement few other Southern novelists can reach. His first, and probably best, novel was published nine years ago and inadequately received; now reissued, *Night Rider* [\$3, Random House], seems to me one of the few genuinely dramatic novels written in recent years.

Warren has chosen as his subject a rebellion of Kentucky tobacco farmers at the turn of the present century. Desperately squeezed financially, the farmers form an association to force the tobacco companies to pay more for their crops. The struggle is bitter: some farmers refuse to join the association; violence breaks out; a secret society of "night riders" is formed to burn the crops of recalcitrant farmers; the "night riders" march into towns to dynamite tobacco warehouses; finally, troops are called in and the farmers defeated, as was inevitable from the very beginning.

In the midst of this tense and exciting story there gradually emerges a guiding thematic line which greatly enriches the meaning of the novel. Its hero, Percy Munn, is a mild lawyer who, never quite knowing why or how, becomes involved in the association and then becomes one of the "night riders." The remarkably pas-

sive Munn is wafted along by the momentum of events, constantly asking himself who he is, why he acts as he does. His is a quest for identity and meaning, a center of resolution which might give significance to his heroic but distraught acts. It is also, perhaps more important, a quest for a solution to the problem faced by all intellectuals and men of feeling: how to meet the need of participation in large social movements while still attempting independently to define their personalities. But Munn cannot find the answers he seeks; he drifts into despair, is alienated from all his normal life ties and ends as a hunted fugitive, still seeking for the confidence and ease "in that inner world" which might sanctify his death. Told in the book's last scene that "a man never knows what he is," Munn mutters, "I do know. I'm nothing."

Munn's indecision and weakness prevent *Night Rider* from rising to the level of genuine tragedy, which is unrealizable without an active hero. But perhaps it is impossible, in any case very difficult, to write an honest novel these days with a hero who molds history rather than one who is molded by it. With that limitation in mind, I think Warren has done a great deal in *Night Rider* to restore the novel to its true function: the portrayal of dramatic conflict.

There are many beautifully executed things in the book, the most remarkable of which is the barely noticeable but always working change of atmosphere through which Warren

suggests the emotional meanings of his story: the gradual shift from images of daylight to images of night, from the early aroma of warmth to the final sense of desolation and cold. Warren handles the English language, when writing about concrete things, with something approaching mastery:

Mr. Munn, ever since he had grown up, would see the great flocks of grackles, on bright days in the fall, sweeping across the blue sky, from horizon to horizon, or fountaining upward and outward from a tree or a grove where they had been disturbed, or splaying from the air wantonly over the wide expanse of a field, like bright, black seeds flung from a sower's liberal hand. . . .

When viewed against the background of Southern writing as a whole, Warren's novel shows two interesting weaknesses. The first is his use of language. When he writes concretely, as in the above passage, he is superb; but he seems almost always to feel some uneasy and pressing need to define in abstract terms the significance of the events he is rendering well enough as it is, to use a kind of synoptic language that is unavoidable in literary criticism but generally unnecessary in fiction. He is not at peace with the fiction itself; his rhetoric, an odd blend of Southern usage and literary jargon, is the rhetoric of pretension, of straining towards something his dramatic structures do not seem to him to yield.

Now is it not quite possible — I should think it rather likely — that

in Percy Munn Warren has created a symbolic extension of his own difficulties of commitment with regard to the Southern Myth? I do not mean to suggest that Munn is a self-portrait, since Warren obviously is more self-conscious and sophisticated. I would suggest, however, that Munn's problem of commitment is not unrelated to Warren's, and that much of the rhetorical strain is due to Warren's wrestling with Munn's relation to the "night riders." This view seems to jibe with the remarks of a critic in *A Southern Vanguard*, William O'Connor, who writes that Warren has a "mind in which tradition and the forces destroying tradition work in strong opposition to each other. . . . The more basic set of pulls in Warren's poetry is that between his work as a provincial artist and an aware modern."

v

Once, however, the tension slackens and the Southern writer falls into either sentimental reveries or self-conscious distance from his materials, then the fiction seems to suffer. I think this is rather evident in our last two volumes of Southern fiction: Robert Penn Warren's collection of stories, *The Circus in the Attic* and the stories of his protege, Peter Taylor, *A Long Fourth* [each \$3, Harcourt, Brace].

In his short pieces Warren seems unable to exploit his genuine gift for dramatic writing. Those stories which contain dramatic possibilities are too

are to come through. Some have lovely things in them: warm feeling and direct observations of nature, a conviction that the land is the only clean thing in life, an ironic interplay of tradition and reality. But when Warren tries, as he does in about half the stories, to write nostalgic pieces about rural life, we can see how much better Sherwood Anderson did a similar sort of thing. For Warren is an intellectual, which Anderson was not; Warren cannot identify himself as lovingly and unquestioningly (he has to *persuade* himself to make the identification) with rural simplicities and nostalgic atmospheres. Here his tension is slacker than at the peak of *Night Rider*; the result is "soft" idealization and self-conscious recollection.

Of Peter Taylor's stories, little need be said. They are competent; he has gone to school with the Southern teachers. They show an awareness of the tension and irony to be gained from examining the contradictions of Southern life, but they do not project the life-situations from which such an awareness should flow. Young and knowing, Taylor lacks the primary passion of his mentors; he is a bit too sophisticated, too assured, too unwilling to take chances—and hence, too pallid. Here the tension has disappeared.

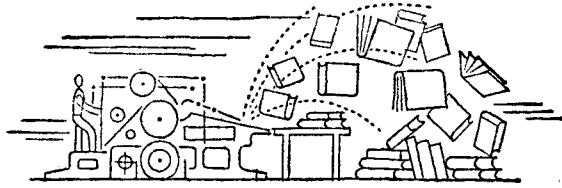
VI

What follows from these notes is admittedly schematic, and like all schematic hypotheses both too much

and too little for the matter at hand. But if it provides a useful way of looking at Southern literature, a clarifying perspective, as I think it does, then its use is legitimate.

The basic problem of the Southern writer is his attitude (a word which, of course, puts the matter too much on the plane of aware consciousness) towards the Southern Myth, which sustains and devours him. From the tensions that encase these attitudes, Southern writers create their versions of human experience, which, of course, if worth anything at all, have a relevance far beyond their regional locale. Simultaneously the dislocations of feeling, the deficiencies and excesses of perception, that arise from the Southern writers' attitudes toward their myth, find expression in *rhetoric*, the most congenial literary mode for one brought up in the Southern environment. In Caldwell's case the rhetoric is used for grotesque comedy; remove it, as in his latest novel, and there is nothing left. Faulkner, as in his last novel, extends "official" Southern rhetoric to an extreme, while his version of the myth has led him to the *cul de sac* of simultaneous love and hatred for the South. Warren, as a knowing intellectual, represents the generation which cannot help being tied to, just as it cannot help drifting away from, the Southern milieu and its myth. Taylor, a young man, writes "as" a Southerner, but actually he is no longer of the South. The hold of the myth is weakening.

THE CHECK LIST



HISTORY

DICTATORS AND DISCIPLES, *From Caesar to Stalin*, by Gustav Bychowski, M.D. \$4.25. *International Universities Press*. This small volume attempts to explain the phenomenon of dictatorship in psychoanalytic terms. The author, a faithful disciple of Freud, has got together a vast amount of interesting data on the psychological methods used by various dictators; but the book bogs down when he attempts to relate the problem to the Oedipus complex or narcissism of the men involved. Hitler and Stalin, who were both mistreated by their fathers during childhood, evoke from Dr. Bychowski this comment: "Apparently the conquest of the mother country had to the unconscious the symbolic significance of both redeeming their mother and taking revenge on the hated fathers. The conquest rationalized by flaming ideology and supported by military power served to free the mother and compensate the conquerors for their early humiliation."

PALESTINE. LAND OF ISRAEL. Photographs by Herbert S. Sonnenfeld, introduction by Pierre van Paassen. \$5.00. *Ziff-Davis*. Here is a remarkable collection of photographs of the New Palestine, as the Jews have built it up, from a virtual ruins to a flourishing, colorful, twentieth-century community that can rival, in many ways, more than one European country with a long history of sovereign independence. Mr. van Paassen supplies a rather lyrical introduction, that would have been more effective if cut by half.

NORTHWEST CORNER. Photographs by Henry Sheldon, introduction and commentary

by Stewart H. Holbrook. \$3.95. *Doubleday*. This is a first-rate picture book of the states of Oregon and Washington, which form the last frontier of the United States. Here are photographs of churches, harbors, orchards, huge trees, wheat fields, fish ladders, hamlets, mountains, horses, river ferries, ranch women, lonely trappers, real Indians, covered wooden bridges—virtually all the types of people and things that go to make up one of the most colorful and sturdy sections of the country. Mr. Holbrook supplies a brisk and highly informative introduction, as well as the running commentary. His introduction forms a fine capsule history of the Corner.

PRESIDENTS' SONS, by J. J. Perling. \$4.00. *Odyssey*. Not all our Presidents were fathers of sons, but twenty of them were and altogether they brought sixty males into the world. Mr. Perling here records what became of these fortunate offspring, and also of the adopted son of Andrew Jackson and the legendary adopted son of George Washington. The book makes fascinating reading, and Mr. Perling takes full advantage of the vast amount of information he has dug up. One of the sons of Martin Van Buren was an eminent divorce lawyer—who lost his most celebrated case; the only son of President Fillmore sued his stepmother for the possession of his father's property, was a life-long bachelor, and died pretty much forgotten in a Buffalo, N. Y., hotel room; one of Grover Cleveland's sons became an actor; Andrew Jackson's adopted son was a trial to his father because of his drinking and free manner with young women; and so on. There is a mass of notes at the end of the book, which careful readers will find almost as

interesting as the text. Unfortunately, there is no index, which would have added greatly to the reference value of the book.

READINGS IN RUSSIAN HISTORY, compiled and edited by Warren B. Walsh. \$5.00. *Syracuse*. Almost half the selections in this informal history of pre-Soviet Russia consist of diggings in original sources. The letters, documents, diaries, travelers' logs, etc., together with excerpts from the works of journalists and standard historians, have all, apparently, been selected with an eye to readability. But there seem to have been no concessions made to the less-reputable popularizers, and Mr. Walsh's skilful editing has produced — what he apparently never intended — an excellent one-volume history of Tsarist Russia. The highlight of the book is an 89-page excerpt from Donald Mackenzie Wallace's classic *Russia*. Altogether there are 130 selections totalling 550 large pages.

MEMPHIS DOWN IN DIXIE, by Shields McIlwaine. \$4.50. *Dutton*. In this book, the third in the publisher's Society in America Series (which began so auspiciously with Cleveland Amory's *The Proper Bostonians*), Mr. McIlwaine makes it clear that Memphis is a center of political corruption, organized vice and murder on a colossal scale. Readers looking for a systematic account of the city's political, social and economic development will come away disappointed, despite the book's generally chronological approach. They will, on the other hand, find an abundance of colorful stories relating to Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, Memphis' native son who distinguished himself in the Civil War as a hell-for-leather Confederate raider; a graphic description of the yellow-fever epidemic of 1878; and an unending profusion of anecdotal material and local color. Mr. McIlwaine went to the original sources in what must have been a massive job of research, and his narrative has sustained pace throughout.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE INDONESIAN STORY, *The Birth, Growth and Structure of the Indonesian Republic*, by Charles Wolf, Jr. \$3.00. *John Day*. The author

of this slender volume, which was issued under the auspices of the American Institute of Pacific Relations, is generally sympathetic to the Indonesian Republic but not blind to the dangers for both the Dutch and Indonesians in the present transition period. Mr. Wolf discounts both the Indonesian Communists and the more fervent nationalists as immediate threats to the nation's democracy; the present, moderate coalition, he believes, has the overwhelming support of the Indonesian people, though he is concerned that not enough of these people are actively participating in local government. As for the Dutch, the author sympathizes with their economic predicament in the Indies, and suggests that their best bet lies in accepting *de facto* Indonesian independence. If the Dutch do this, he feels, their trade with the islands can be resumed without much loss. Altogether, a readable, fair-minded exposition of a horribly complicated subject.

THE MAGIC LAND, MEXICO, by Ralph Hancock. \$4.00. *Coward-McCann*. This fifth volume in the Invitation to Travel series is probably the most up-to-date and complete guide book available on Mexico. It is not encumbered with historical or political analyses, but keeps strictly to description and other matters of interest to tourists, visitors and businessmen. It includes material on automobile itineraries, Mexican routes, hotels and prices, recreations, fiestas and holidays, the geography and climate of various regions, local customs and dress, and the prerequisites for taking up permanent residence in Mexico.

BIOGRAPHY

THE MEMOIRS OF CORDELL HULL, 2 volumes, \$10.50. *Macmillan*. The title of this book is a bit of a misnomer, for Mr. Hull devotes very little space to the days before he became Secretary of State in the Roosevelt Administration, a post he held for nearly twelve years, a period, as he proudly says, "half again longer than anyone else in our history." He was an able and conscientious statesman, and he has every reason to feel proud of his record, especially his heroic labors in favor of the reciprocal trade agreements, the Good Neighbor Policy and the United Na-

Bull. 7

tions, of which last President Roosevelt called him the father. Unfortunately, Mr. Hull is not a very pleasant writer, and his sense of the colorful and dramatic is remarkable chiefly by its absence in these two volumes, running to 1804 pages. There are, however, many revealing bits of characterization here, and long, detailed reports of important conversations with the Japanese envoys just before Pearl Harbor, with various Nazi officials, with English diplomats and so on. Mr. Hull was urged at least twice by President Roosevelt to accept the Vice-Presidential nomination, but he thought his work in the State Department more important. He did not always agree with the President on domestic affairs, but he saw pretty much eye to eye with him on foreign affairs. He is violently anti-isolationist and feels that if we had "armed adequately in time, and by joint representation could have demanded a showdown with the aggressors, Germany, Italy and Japan," we could have "averted the recent World War." As for Russia, he thinks our only hope lies in following "a policy of patience combined with firmness." There is a massive, very detailed, extremely useful index at the end of Volume II.

GANDHI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, *The Story of My Experiments with Truth*, by M. K. Gandhi. \$5.00. *Public Affairs*. This volume breaks off, unfortunately, in 1921, just at about the time Gandhi was becoming a figure in world politics. The account of the first half of his life is essentially the story of a saint who is forced by circumstances to live in the prosaic, everyday world, and who is largely unsuccessful in his attempts to cope with it. Gandhi's inner life was an incessant storm; he could scarcely perform the most commonplace tasks without running into what seemed to him to be moral problems of earth-shaking dimensions. Literally hundreds of pages are filled with reflections on vegetarianism (can a good vegetarian eat eggs?), the case against liquor, the sinfulness of carnal desire, etc. He appears to have been an extraordinarily charming and likable man, even when he was at his most irrational, but it would be hard to think of anyone not canonized a saint who had a greater capacity for self-torture. This volume, which was first translated from Gandhi's native

Gujarati by a friend, and later "edited" by an anonymous Englishman, will certainly come to be regarded as a classic of autobiography. This is the first English-language edition.

LITERATURE

PLEASURES AND REGRETS, by Marcel Proust. \$2.75. *Crown. A Lear Book*. This is the first English translation of Proust's first book, a collection of very slim short stories, notes for sketches, epigrams, etc. Feeble as the volume is as art, it does reveal the giant that was to come. Here are excerpts that are genuinely Proustian: "Lying on his couch he spent long and charming hours tête-à-tête with himself, the only guest he had neglected to invite to supper during his lifetime. . . . A woman will not hide the fact that she loves balls, horse-racing or even gambling. She says so frankly, she even boasts of it. But don't try to make her admit that she cares for Society. She will protest, will get really angry. . . . A fashionable milieu is one in which everybody's opinion is made up of the opinion of all the others. Has everybody a different opinion? That is a literary milieu. . . . A libertine's need of virginity is another form of the eternal homage love pays to innocence." The translation is by Louise Varese. There is a preface by Anatole France, which reads as if he had to write it for one reason or another; it is painfully polite.

THE MOMENT AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Virginia Woolf. \$3.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. Another posthumous volume of essays by the late Mrs. Woolf. They deal, among other things, with the works of Lewis Carroll, Edmund Gosse, D. H. Lawrence and Roger Fry, and with such subjects as "The Art of Fiction," "American Fiction," "On Being Ill," "Royalty" and "On Re-Reading Novels." Occasionally, she says something unusual and almost profound, as when she points out that Lawrence "lacks the final power which makes things entire in themselves." But most of the time, unfortunately, she is only pleasant, full of literary allusions — and at times extremely ignorant, as in her essay on American fiction where she says: "For it is precisely by its harshness, its efficiency, its compactness that M. [Sinclair] Lewis' work excels."

THE OPEN FORUM



REJOINDER

SIR: I see that in a letter to the "Open Forum" in your July issue our ineffable Upton Sinclair is astounded that you should waste six-and-a-half pages on an article called "What Causes Alcoholism?" when he can — and does — answer the question in two words: "Drinking alcohol."

Now that the alcoholism question is so definitely and adroitly solved and any further discussion rendered unnecessary, I would like to see a six-and-a-half page article in a forthcoming issue of the *MERCURY* under the title: "What Causes People like Upton Sinclair?"

W. M. BARROW

San Juan, Puerto Rico

NORTH OF THE BORDER

SIR: The article "Canadian Ideals and U. S. Dollars" by Bruce Hutchison [in the June *MERCURY*] tells us lots about Canada that we should know for our own good. One aspect of the relation of the people of the U. S. and of Canada now deserves thorough understanding by Americans, and poses immediate concrete action. Mr. Hutchison has well presented the basis for our consideration of it.

Every U. S. dollar spent for a Canadian product or service creates foreign exchange of a dollar that must be spent for a product or service of the United States. This fact can hardly be too strongly emphasized. Therefore, I propose that every product manufactured, grown, raised, mined, or otherwise produced in Canada should be admitted into the United States free of tariff. Only by so doing can the economy of the United States be operated at its highest efficiency and capacity.

The United States and Canada together are involuntarily and inescapably drawn into com-

petition with a certain very large Eurasian land area, the parts of which are not separated by tariff barriers, and which are under a strong aggressive central authority.

The United States and Canada are committed to the joint defense of North America by the Ogdensburg agreement of 1910.

Conversely, I propose that, for similar reasons, Canada should be induced to allow every product manufactured, grown, raised, mined, or otherwise produced in the United States to be admitted into Canada free of tariff.

Then the United States and Canada each would economically supply the things that each can produce more efficiently, and would exchange them with the other country for the products that the other can supply more economically, under the same system of free exchange of products now existing among the states of the United States.

The net wealth of the United States and also that of Canada would be increased by this reciprocal freeing of trade. . . .

JOHN E. WHITESIDE

Syracuse, N. Y.

PUBLIC HOUSING

SIR: I want to compliment the *MERCURY* very much upon its publication of Anya F. Smith's article in the July 1948 number entitled "The Record of Public Housing." I have myself served the cause of public housing both as an administrator and as a citizen for a period of ten years. I have known it in its most intimate aspects and, therefore, I can say with complete assurance that Mrs. Smith's article is true.

There is, of course, very much more to the record than could be stated by Mrs. Smith in one brief article. Thus, for example, it is often assumed by ignorant critics of the public housing

program that it is very costly to the local municipality and to the national taxpayer. This certainly is not true. In the city of Pittsburgh, for example, the local housing authority, whose duties cannot become those of the city of Pittsburgh (a peculiar feature of local housing authorities about the country), the slum and waste areas bought by the local housing authority paid out finally to the city hundreds of thousands of dollars of previously uncollectible back taxes. In addition, payments in lieu of taxes were made by the local housing authorities year after year in amounts larger than previously hoped for tax revenues on the same areas. I do not know one solitary instance throughout the country where the public housing program caused even the fraction of a mill increase on real estate taxes. I do know that rehousing of families living in bad sub-standard housing into good, well-planned, sanitary structures greatly reduces city expenditures in such areas as health services, fire protection, garbage collection, etc.

The only expenditure to the national taxpayer from Federally assisted public housing lies in the annual subsidy. Families of the lowest income group were admitted to these houses and were then unable to pay the full economic rent. The difference was paid out of the subsidies. Actually, the subsidy payments called for were far lower than contemplated. But the Federal guarantee of subsidy has made it possible for local housing authorities to finance their construction through private lenders of money, thus making it unnecessary to call upon the Federal government for the large loans originally thought necessary.

I can testify from personal experience, as can practically all who have been engaged in public housing, to the enormous degree of rehabilitation through new hope and a new spirit of enterprise gained by families rehoused in public housing. In many instances, two or three years of residence in public housing has resulted in such an improvement of morale and in such a recovery of the zest for life, that such families have improved their incomes beyond the amount making them eligible for public housing and thus they have moved on into standard private housing, either through purchase or rent. From this point of view, public housing helps private housing enterprise.

BRYN J. HOVDE

*President, the New School for Social Research
New York City*

SIR: Some of Anya F. Smith's statements are likely to mislead the uninformed.

For instance, her statement: "In practice, the local tax-exemption laws often cost the taxpayers nothing out of pocket. In 1945 local housing authorities voluntarily contributed to tax collectors a total of \$2,285,000 which was actually 74 per cent *more* than the taxes formerly assessed (and never collected in full) on the sites occupied by public housing." But she makes no mention of the great differences in the conditions before and after the development of a housing project. A vacant or nearly vacant lot of cheap land may pay small taxes but, on the other hand, such a lot costs far less for city services than the same lot when developed as a housing project with hundreds of occupants who must be supplied with full city services, including the very expensive education of many children in the public schools. The second annual report of the Federal Works Agency, 1941, shows that nearly half of the USHA developments for which contracts had been approved as of June 30, 1941, were on vacant or more than half-vacant lots. The National Housing Agency publication *Slum Land Acquisition* of March 1947 shows that some lots acquired for prewar public housing sites cost as little as 17 to 30 cents per square foot. Vacant or nearly vacant cheap lots may pay very little in taxes but may be developed into housing projects for 1000 or more families with a great increase in costs for city services, particularly for schools. For instance, one fifth of the Boston budget for 1948 is for the maintenance (not including construction costs) of schools. School maintenance costs in Cambridge, Mass., were \$168.54 per pupil in 1945, and salaries have been raised since then. It costs just as much to educate a public housing child as it does to educate a slum child. Many other expenses are not reduced by moving people into subsidized housing. The city costs are of course greatly increased as compared with city costs to service vacant land.

Mrs. Smith states that in 1945 the local housing authorities paid \$2,285,000 in lieu of taxes. Dividing this by the number of units, 190,000, gives \$12 per family paid in lieu of taxes. In contrast a privately owned \$5000 house at a tax rate of \$40 per thousand would pay \$200 in taxes, or seventeen times as much. The Boston Municipal Research Bureau, Feb. 2, 1944, reported that three Boston projects paid in 1942 \$20,700 in lieu of taxes whereas full taxes would have been \$380,000, or nineteen times as much. In other cases I have found payments in lieu of taxes to be seven, eight and seventeen dollars per family. Besides the fact that projects do not pay anywhere enough for the schools they do not pay

anywhere enough for other city services. To say, as Mrs. Smith does, that "the local tax-exemption laws often cost the local tax-payers nothing out of pocket" is simply not true. Somebody has to make up the difference between the insignificant taxes paid by the project tenant and what he costs the city. In addition to supporting the project tenant by local taxes the self-supporting taxpayers pay for additional support through Federal income taxes which go in part to subsidize public housing.

Officials of housing agencies like Mr. Smith insist that the project tenants must have *new* houses and on land which, in some cases, costs more than one dollar per square foot. Most of the self-supporting taxpayers, on the other hand, live in *old* houses and many of them on land which is worth much less than one dollar per square foot.

Meanwhile about 850,000 housing units were built by *private enterprise* in 1947, private housing construction in June this year made a 54 per cent rise over June of last year, and house construction total for the first six months of this year showed a 60 per cent increase over the same period of 1947. People who can pay the market rents have a better right to these new units than people who pay twelve dollars a year in taxes.

CHARLES W. KILLAM

*Prof. Emeritus of Architecture, Harvard
Cambridge, Mass.*

SIR: Mr. Killam argues earnestly against public housing, but does not come to grips with the facts and figures my article presented. It said, in substance: Slum housing is harmful to the individual and the community; it gives rise to excessive municipal costs in crime, delinquency, disease; rehousing produces marked improvement in health and lessens crime and delinquency.

Mr. Killam doesn't discuss any of these. He puts words in my mouth; he gives figures on Boston's real estate taxes and education cost; and says, anyway, that slum dwellers are not entitled to new housing when better-off families live in old houses. In his reference to my discussion of rehousing cost he ignores my explicit statement that the local government contributes to the maintenance of low-rent housing 15 per cent in the form of tax exemption, and that the Federal government contributes a twenty per cent subsidy.

My article pointed out that "out-of-pocket" cost (as distinguished from tax exemption) was practically nil for the taxpayer, because in the aggregate the redeveloped sites (slum and vacant) brought to local tax treasuries more

cash revenue than taxes levied before redevelopment. Mr. Killam says this is not significant because there are "great differences in conditions before and after development of a housing project." Of course there is a great difference after development. That is the objective of rehousing, and the reason that cities are willing to forego full taxes from the projects. The Congressional Joint Committee on Housing reported that "more than five-sixths of mayors of cities with existing low-rent public housing thought that the cost of city services in the neighborhoods had been reduced and real-estate values increased."

That should allay Mr. Killam's fears that city services to public housing add to the taxpayer's burden.

It is highly dubious that public housing project sites would have been developed by private builders, with a possible consequent increase in tax income. The fact is that private builders do not redevelop slum and blighted areas. The reason is well known. As stated by the Joint Committee on Housing in its majority report last March (which recommended Federal aid for slum clearance) blighted or deteriorated land far exceeds the price that private builders can pay for it.

As for Mr. Killam's objection that public housing provides low-income families with new housing while families who can pay economic rents continue to live in old houses, if he will point out where in Boston (the housing census reported 42,611 dwelling units substandard there) or anywhere else, low-income families can get *decent* old housing at rents they can afford, I'll guarantee that public housing advocates will accept that. To quote the Joint Committee again: "The wide disparity between the rents which low-income families can pay and the prices at which private enterprise can supply decent housing, *either new or second hand*, is so great that public aid must be made available if these families are to be decently housed."

Investigation after investigation has established that unless additional housing is provided at rents within reach of the low-income family's pocketbook, slums cannot be emptied. The "filtering down" theory, whereby new housing is built only for families at the top of the income ladder and handed down successively until it reaches the slum dweller has not worked to provide decent housing for those on the lowest rung of the economic ladder. It has merely perpetuated the slums, because not enough housing has been built to make the theory work. By the time old housing is handed down to the lowest income

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group, it is generally so deteriorated that it is substandard and slum. There is little prospect that rents in decent old housing suitable for low income families' needs will be reduced to match their rent-paying ability.

If decent, non-slum housing were available within the means of low-income families there would be no slum problems. People would just move out of the slums — unless Mr. Killam thinks some 6 million families live in slums from choice.

So the reasoning that new housing should not be provided for low income families is synonymous with saying let's not do anything about the slums.

The choice for the taxpayer is between continuing to pay the heavy costs of city services to slums, or investing in decent housing.

ANYA F. SMITH

Washington, D. C.

THE HEARING-AID RACKETEERS

SIR: Percival Wilde's article in the August issue, "Racketeering in Hearing Aids," is proof of the belief that the souls of the departed return to earth to live anew in the human heart.

The souls of Captain Kidd and Jesse James live again. How else can we explain the conduct of the exploiters of the handicapped, the makers and salesmen who rob the deaf through racketeering in hearing aids?

ROBERT W. ROGERS

Plainfield, N. J.

CAN HAIR TURN WHITE OVERNIGHT?

SIR: I have often meant to do something about the statements that appear from time to time in the "Skeptics' Corner" about "hair turning white overnight." Here in Olivia there is a woman whose sincerity and integrity have never been questioned, as far as I know — and I have known her for 35 years — who says her hair turned white when she was a young woman. It turned white in a matter of hours and never resumed its original color. She is still alive, aged, but can relate the story to anyone who wants to use it. Her daughters are not so far away, and can be called in to substantiate her claims. I asked her about it not long ago and she told the experience, just as I had heard it from her many years ago. Don't ask me to do it. Get one of these skeptics to get it first hand. Let Berge Evans see, hear and be convinced.

CHRISTINE B. BUNKER

Olivia, Minn.

SIR: In the drab lexicon of skepticism there is no such word as "unquestioned."

If Miss Bunker will furnish me with the lady's name and address, I will write to her. If she, in turn, will furnish me with the names and addresses of witnesses, I will write to them. If there is further evidence, such as photographs attested before a notary or doctors' certificates, I will be happy to examine them. At the present moment, however, the case—like scores of others in my files—remains the allegation of an unknown person concerning an unnamed person who at an unspecified time and place underwent this transformation.

Do you remember an earlier correspondent, Mr. Fred G. Haas, taking me to task for doubt on this question [see the May 1948 "Open Forum"] and urging me to write to Mr. Frank Crennen who was said to have been an eye-witness of one of these blanchings? Well, I wrote to Mr. Crennen, at the address Mr. Haas gave, and I'm still waiting for an answer.

Incidentally, one of your readers tells me that his mother's hair over a considerable period in her later years turned from white back to gray.

BERGEN EVANS

Evanston, Ill.

MORE ABOUT SWIMMING PIGS

SIR: In the July "Skeptics' Corner" Bergen Evans reports that, contrary to the popular belief, pigs *can* swim. This is true, but they can swim only for short distances. Their necks are so fat, and their jowls hang down so far, that in swimming a pig hits its throat with its short-legged feet; and as its cloven hooves are sharp, it cuts its throat if it persists in trying to swim more than a short distance.

"The Skeptics' Corner" failed to tell us about this. I hope no one has tried to encourage his pigs to swim very far. . . .

G. G. SAMPSON

Diamond Point, N. Y.

SIR: "The Skeptics' Corner" did not fail. The second item ever to appear in this department began: "There is a strange and widespread delusion that if pigs try to swim they cut their throats with their forefeet." [February 1947.] Mr. Bill Reneker, chief hog buyer for Swift & Co., dismisses the delusion as "all poppycock."

If Mr. Sampson can produce one (1) pig that has so cut its own throat I shall be most happy, particularly in the present state of the market, to have it duly prepared and eat it.

BERGEN EVANS

Evanston, Ill.



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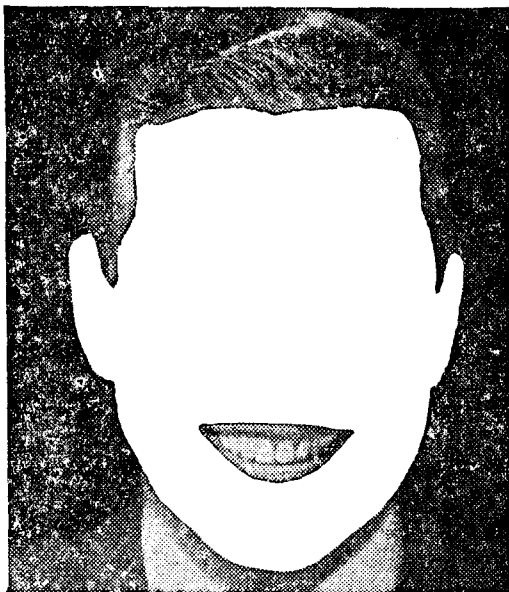
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